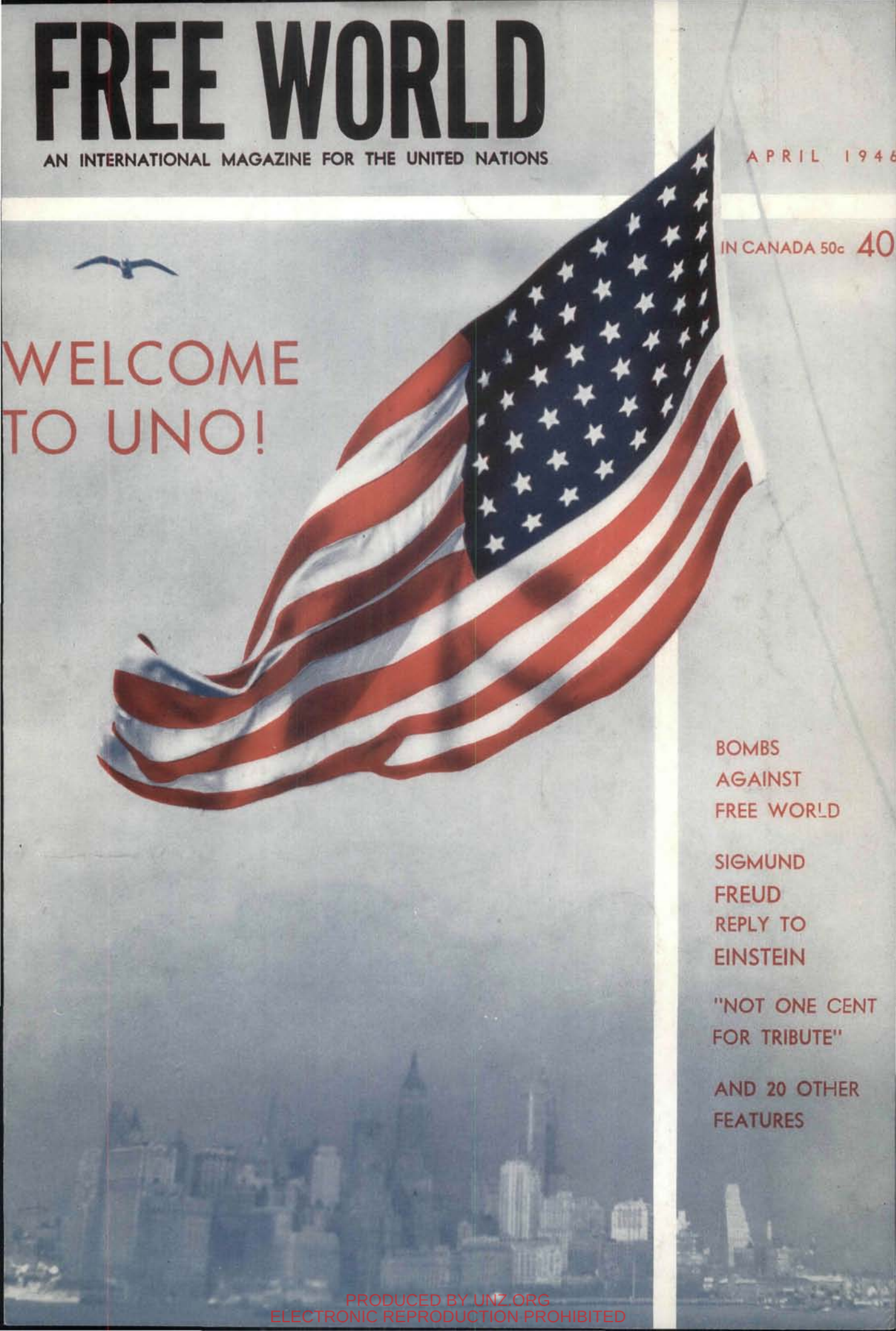
FREE WORLD

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE UNITED NATIONS

APRIL 1946

IN CANADA 50c 40



WELCOME TO UNO!

BOMBS AGAINST FREE WORLD

SIGMUND FREUD REPLY TO EINSTEIN

"NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE"

AND 20 OTHER FEATURES

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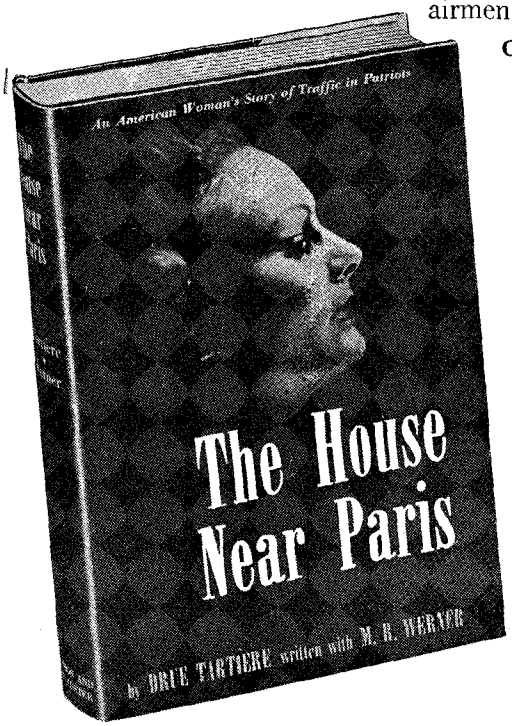
THIS AMERICAN ACTRESS FOUND MORE DRAMA THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR . . .

DRUE TARTIERE went from Hollywood to London to appear in British movies, and stayed in Europe to play a supporting role in the greatest drama of all time. While she was lunching near Marseilles in 1939 with her husband, a French actor-producer, the curtain rose: a radio blared the news that France was at war. Jacques Tartiere was called to England for the duration, and Drue, alone in a strange land, found herself surrounded by intrigue, deceit, and excitement. Condemned to die by the Nazis, she disappeared into the picturesque province of Seine et Marne with an official, but highly erroneous, document establishing her as a harmless, dying woman. She farmed, poached wild rabbits, raised chickens; and in the deep of night she helped transmit arms and ammunition for the resisting people of France. When the allies started to bomb the continent she found, nursed, and hid airmen who were shot down, and smuggled them to freedom.

¶ This is a rich, human story against the setting of total war. But it is no retelling of the Maquis story, no "now it can be told" tale of the war years. Buoyant, exciting, immensely readable, it gives you a whole new insight into the way the unorganized, confused common people of France lived during the occupation.



THE HOUSE NEAR PARIS

BY DRUE TARTIERE

Written with M. R. Werner • **Price $2.75** • **Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER**

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The State of the World.

April 1, 1946

BLACK MARKET IN HOLLYWOOD FILM

HOLLYWOOD—Seems that Hollywood sent out to the boys and girls in uniform 16mm copies of backlog pictures which have not yet been released in the United States. In some cases before sending the film back the boys and girls took copies and occasionally ''blew up'' the 16mm back to the normal commercial 35mm size and sold them. Film salesmen therefore now trying to sell the new Hollywood pictures sometimes run up against exhibitors who already ''own'' the product and audiences which have already seen pictures still a mystery to Hollywood Boulevard. Tsk, Tsk.

HABEAS CORPUS IN INDIA

NEW YORK—''India Today'' reports that numerous prisoners are still held in India without trial under wartime emergency regulations. One of them, N. G. Gore, recently sought a writ of habeas corpus. The petition was denied on the ground that Gore's continued imprisonment was necessary for the ''successful prosecution of the war.'' The following dialogue ensued:

Mr. Tricumdas (for the petitioner): ''The war has ended. What is there to prosecute except the Indian citizen?''

The Advocate-General: ''Hostilities end when the Peace Treaty is signed.''

Mr. Tricumdas: ''I know that. As far as India is concerned, if the Viceroy does not choose to issue a counter-emergency ordinance, the war will not end until 1976.''

The Judge: ''Possibly the third world war will start before that.''

Mr. Tricumdas: ''In England detenus were

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released the very next day after hostilities ceased.''

The Judge: ''That only shows that the Executive in England is conscious of the liberty of the subject, while the Executive in India wants to hold on to its power.''

FRANCE'S CASUALTIES IN THE WAR

PARIS—Figures on French casualties follow:

1939-1945 prisoners of war	1,500,000
total number of military dead	250,000
total of military wounded	180,000
civilians executed in France	275,000
political deportees	755,000
civilians killed by bombardment	300,000
civilians wounded by bombardment	700,000
homes destroyed by bombardment and in German retreat	1,250,000
civilians homeless	5,000,000

27,000 prisoners of war and 150,000 political deportees died in Germany. The high percentages of tubercular persons returning from captivity has not yet been tabulated but is alarming.

France's population in 1939 was about 42,000,000.

YELLOW RIVER TO BE DAMMED AGAIN

NANKING—The Hoang-ho's dykes were shattered by the Chinese in 1938 as part of their scorched earth policy to stop the Japanese. 5,000,000 people lived in the flooded area. 1,000,000 still remaining there are in danger of starvation. UNRRA today is directing with top priority the reconstruction of the dykes to restrain ''China's Sorrow'' within its banks and return to wheat field some 2,000,000 acres.

MEDICAL PRIZE TO ARCHBISHOP

MOSCOW—Professor Voino Yasentski who is also known as Archbishop Luka of Tambov has been awarded the Stalin First Prize for Medicine—200,000 rubles—for his contribution to the field of ulcer surgery.

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COOPERATIVES IN THE U.N.O.

LONDON—The International Cooperative Alliance obtained permanent consultative status in the Economic and Social Council of the U.N.O. The Alliance covers 37 countries and has a membership of 85,000,000 families.

URANIUM FOR SCIENCE

PRAGUE—The Czechoslovak Prime Minister's Office states that after the departure of the Red Army from Czechoslovakia Czech authorities took full control of the Jachymov (Joachimsthal) uranium mines. The mining of uranium has been resumed and radium mined in Jachymov will, as before, serve the purposes of medicine and science. As regards the use of uranium for war purposes—Czechoslovakia has endorsed the decision of the United Nations concerning the control of atomic energy.

HIDDEN CHILDREN

WASHINGTON—The drive to locate and repatriate allied children who have been absorbed into German families has been recently intensified by UNRRA and Allied Military authorities. German authorities will have to report all United Nations children within their territories; war criminals at Nuremburg are to be questioned; captured enemy documents are to be carefully sifted, and the aid of German welfare institutions enlisted. Some allied children have already been found in German orphanges.

The sad fate of these children, whose parents perished at the hands of the nazis, once more points to the vital importance of implementing the international CHILDREN'S CHARTER adopted at the ILO Conference in Paris.

FRENCH CULTURAL EMBASSIES IN U. S.

Four important exhibitions of French art will be held in the United States this spring.

—Raoul Duffy, at the Baltimore Museum of Arts.

—French pre-war painting at the Dallas

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Museum of Fine Arts.

—French painting in 1939 at the Minneapolis Art Institute.

—French masters of the 19th century at Mills College.

NAZI STERILIZATION PERHAPS NOT PERMANENT

BERLIN—Dr. Benedict Hummel, head of surgery at the Berlin Charity Hospital claims to have successfully restored fertility to two men sterilized by the nazis. The operations were performed too recently to report fully on results, however. It is claimed that restoration of fertility in women is possible.

NEW DUTCH VICTORY OVER THE SEA

THE HAGUE—The Walcheren Island dikes rebuilt after their destruction by the British Royal Air Force in 1944 have stood the test of the spring tides accompanied by gale winds. The news is welcome indeed for the soil on Walcheren Island is very fertile and the additional crops will help alleviate Europe's acute food shortage.

AUSTRALIAN DOCTORS TO STUDY ABROAD

CANBERRA—Australian doctors who served with the Australian fighting forces during the war may be sent overseas for special study under a scheme now being considered by the Federal Government. If the Cabinet approves the scheme, those selected will be paid a weekly living allowance and fees for their courses. Object of the scheme is to enable young doctors to improve their clinical knowledge by studying in world-famous hospitals and universities.

RUSSIANS LISTEN TO AMERICAN MUSIC

MOSCOW—More than 600 radio programs of musical works by American composers were broadcast in Russia in the last six months of 1945. Most popular are George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Stephen Foster, Ferde Grofe (The Grand Canyon Suite), Ernest Bloch and John Alden Carpenter.

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FREE WORLD

APRIL, 1946

VOLUME 11, No. 4

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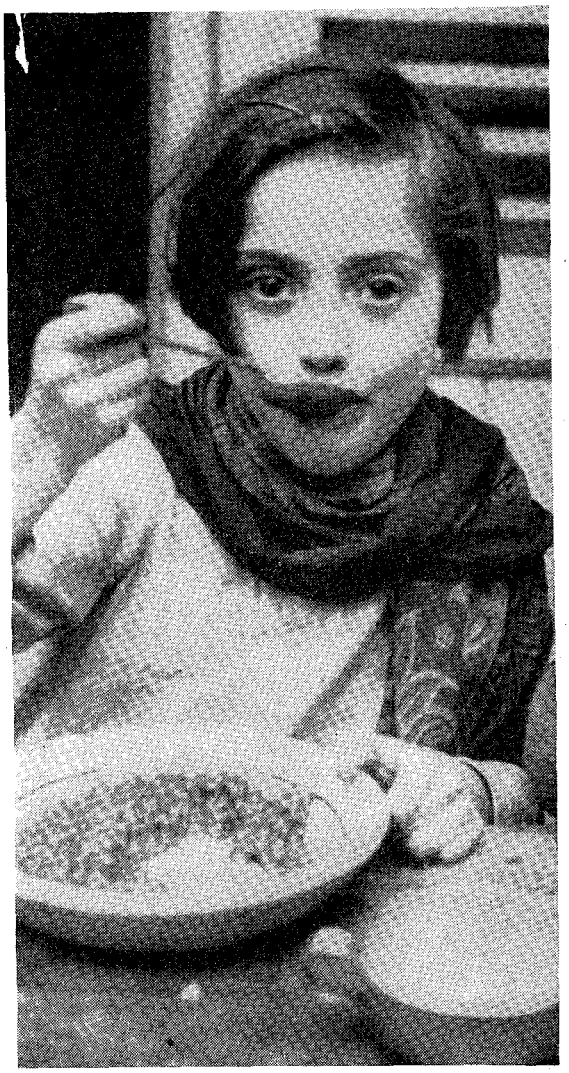
COVERPHOTO by Walt Sanders—Black Star.



Millions of children need help

Read Marie Paneth's story on rebuilding of shattered lives on page 53.

Coming next month!

Emil Ludwig, world famed biographer writes about the greatest American since Lincoln—"Roosevelt in War."

Alice Payne Hackett, an editor of Publisher's Weekly, reviews the Spring books in an exclusive feature.

Madeleine C. Bryan has left the Far Eastern desk of OWI to explain "Who are the Indonesians?" and tells why they are being killed so freely in Java.

And— The march of Fascism in Argentina will be analyzed by Hugo Fernandez Artucio, editor of El Mundo Libre, of Montevideo, Uruguay, observing on the spot. See pictures of the bombing of his office on page 11 of this issue.

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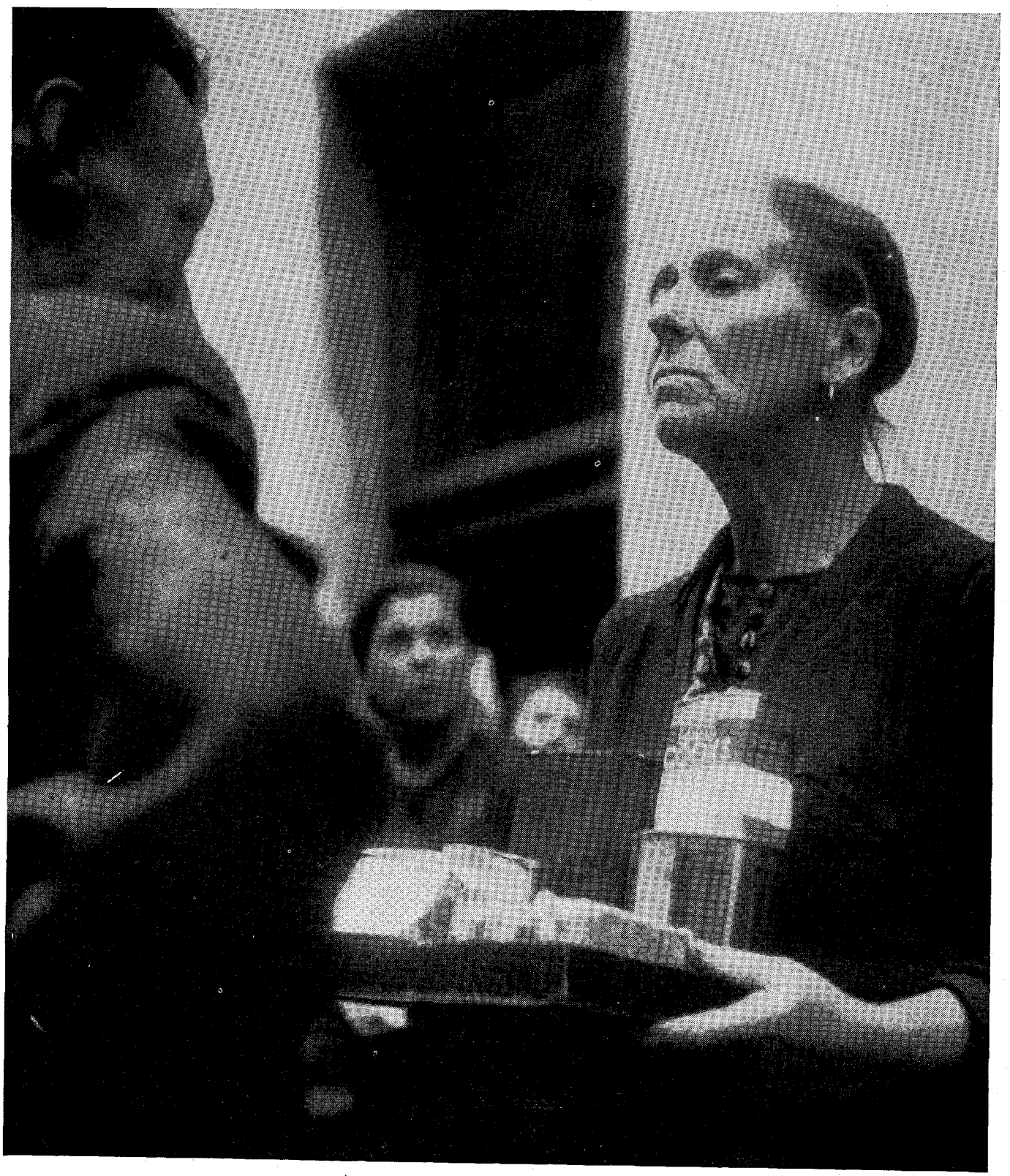

EUROPE BETWEEN UNRRA, HUNGER AND BLACK MARKET

Black Market! Here's the fight between the ones who have a little and those who have nothing. The sneer of the woman with a few miserable cans of food rejects the first offer. One of the peculiar things about black marketing is that there's no such thing as a "reasonable" price. Money only talks when the offer is too much. Spiralling prices mean chaos and hunger. But, fundamentally, it is the inadequacy of supplies that breeds the "black" market.

Acme Photo.

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Misery in the wake of war has overcome a working man's household which normally would have a full pot simmering on a hot stove. This happens to be in France, but this scene is repeated everywhere in Europe today.

Photo.—Leonard McCombe—Pix

UNRRA tries to help the innumerable victims o war. These victims may include a woman in Greec receiving a handout of old clothing from America or a child shockingly undernourished getting a littl rest in bed.

Photo. UNRR.

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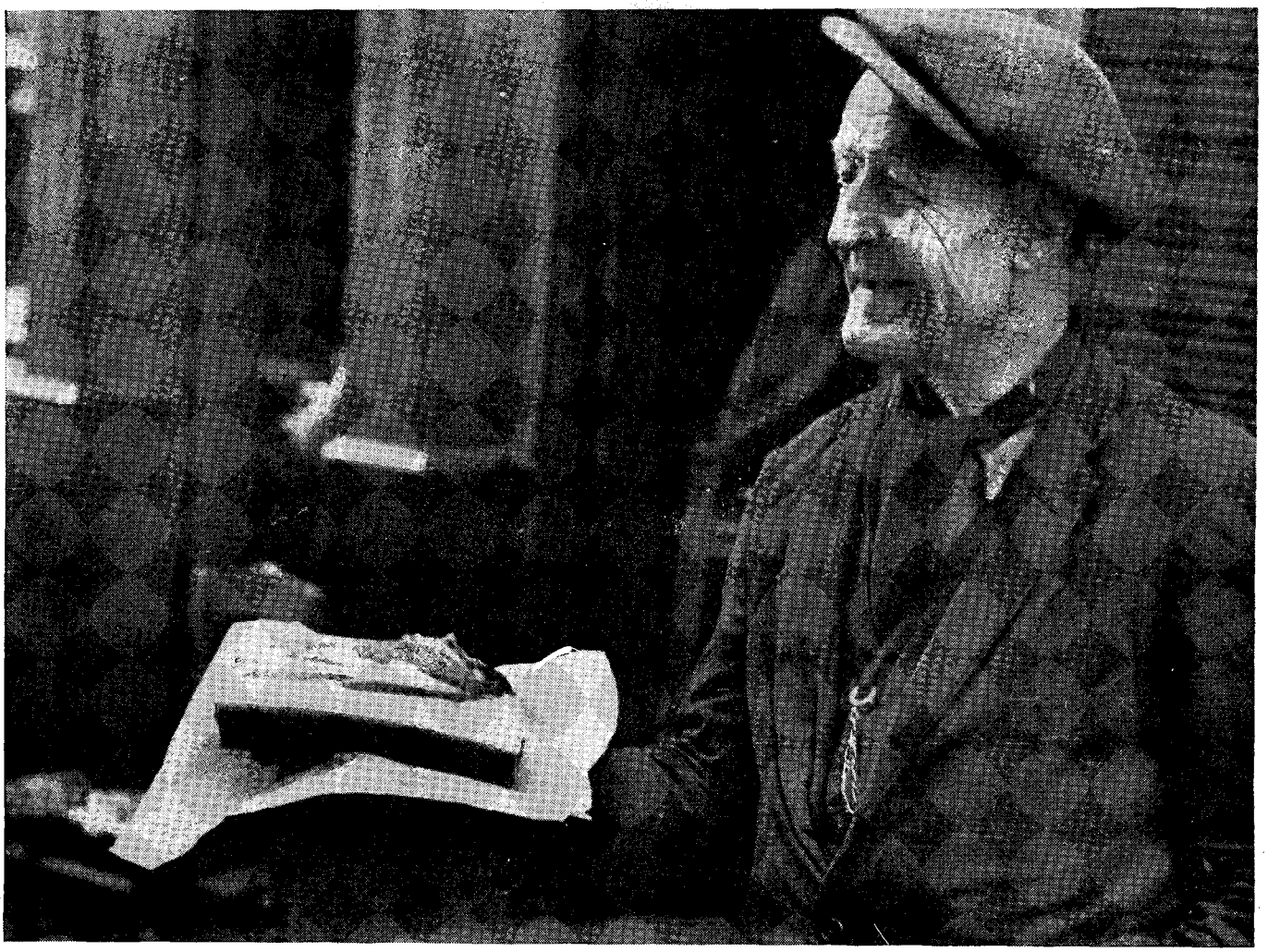

Sure, there's nothing to eat. Supplies are short, distribution awful. But somehow, some people always manage. In Brussels Black Market a handsome piece of pork is offered to the hungry with money.

Photo. Vagn Hansen ★

In this chaos UNRRA does what it can. Even a single warm meal is welcome, for warm meals are far between. Few people realize that 1,000,000 tons of wheat mean the difference between life and death for 20,000,000 people during a whole year.

Photo. Vagn Hansen ★

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Until such scenes as these become unnecessary, until children need no longer dig for their food in garbage cans . . .

Photo. French Info. Service

. . . the world from Brest to Bucharest, from Naples to Narvik will be studded with such scenes as these in Brussels (L) and Berlin. Police raids can't cure these sores. Only the organized cooperation of the world in supplying the basic needs of life can do so.

Photo. Vagn Hansen ★

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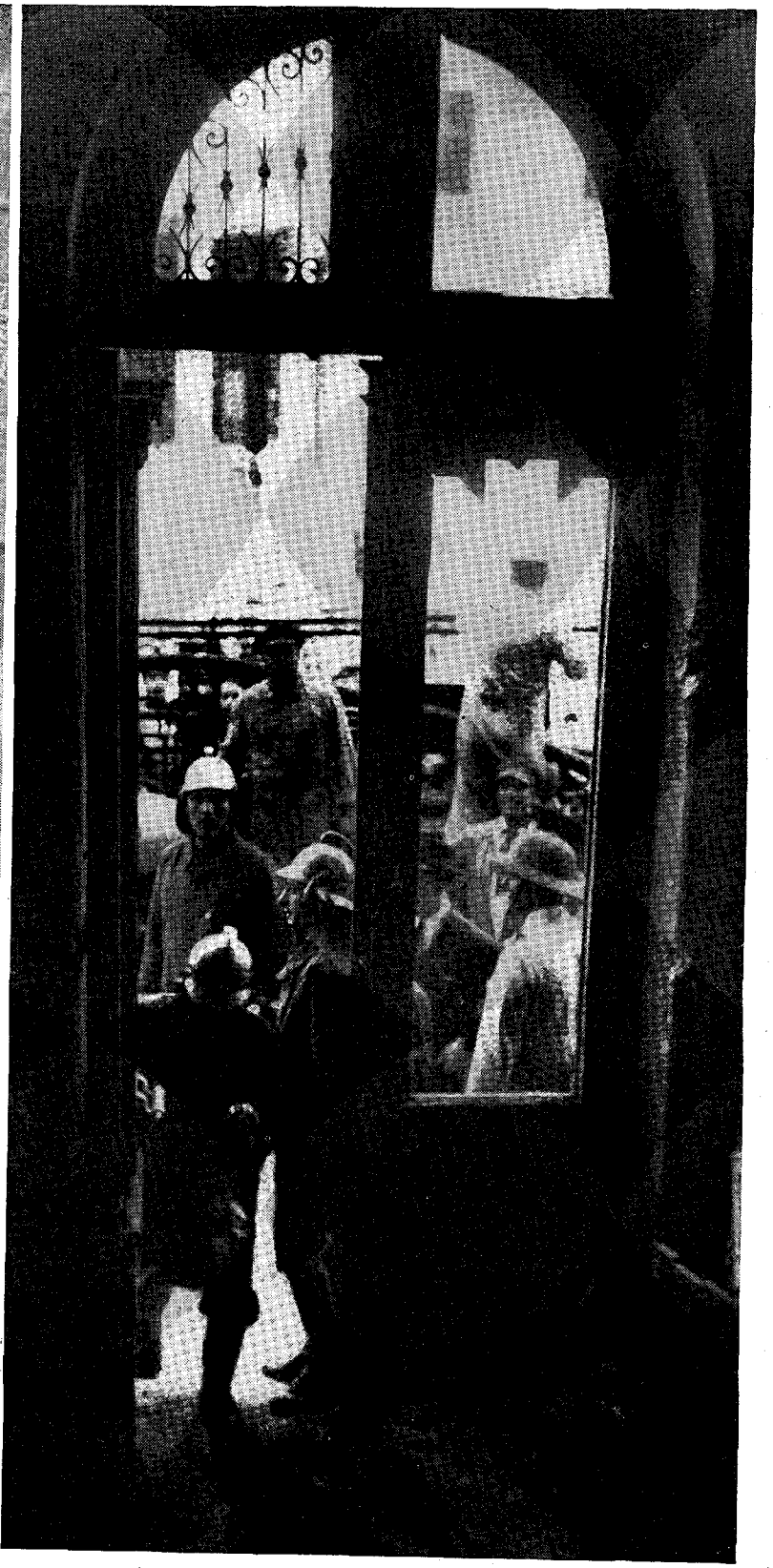
BOMBS AGAINST FREE WORLD



Editorial offices of *El Mundo Libre,* the Uruguayan edition of FREE WORLD were partially wrecked on February 22 when a bomb planted supposedly by Argentine Fascists wrecked the entrance stairway and wounded two employees slightly. The occasion was the publication of a special number attacking the dictatorship of Colonel Juan D. Peron in Argentina and exposing his Fascist character. This outrage demonstrates once again that Fascism spreads because it must and that its spread is always accompanied by violence.

The fire started by the bomb was quickly brought under control by Montevideo fire fighters, who also assisted one of *Mundo Libre's* stenographers to get away via a flimsy ladder.

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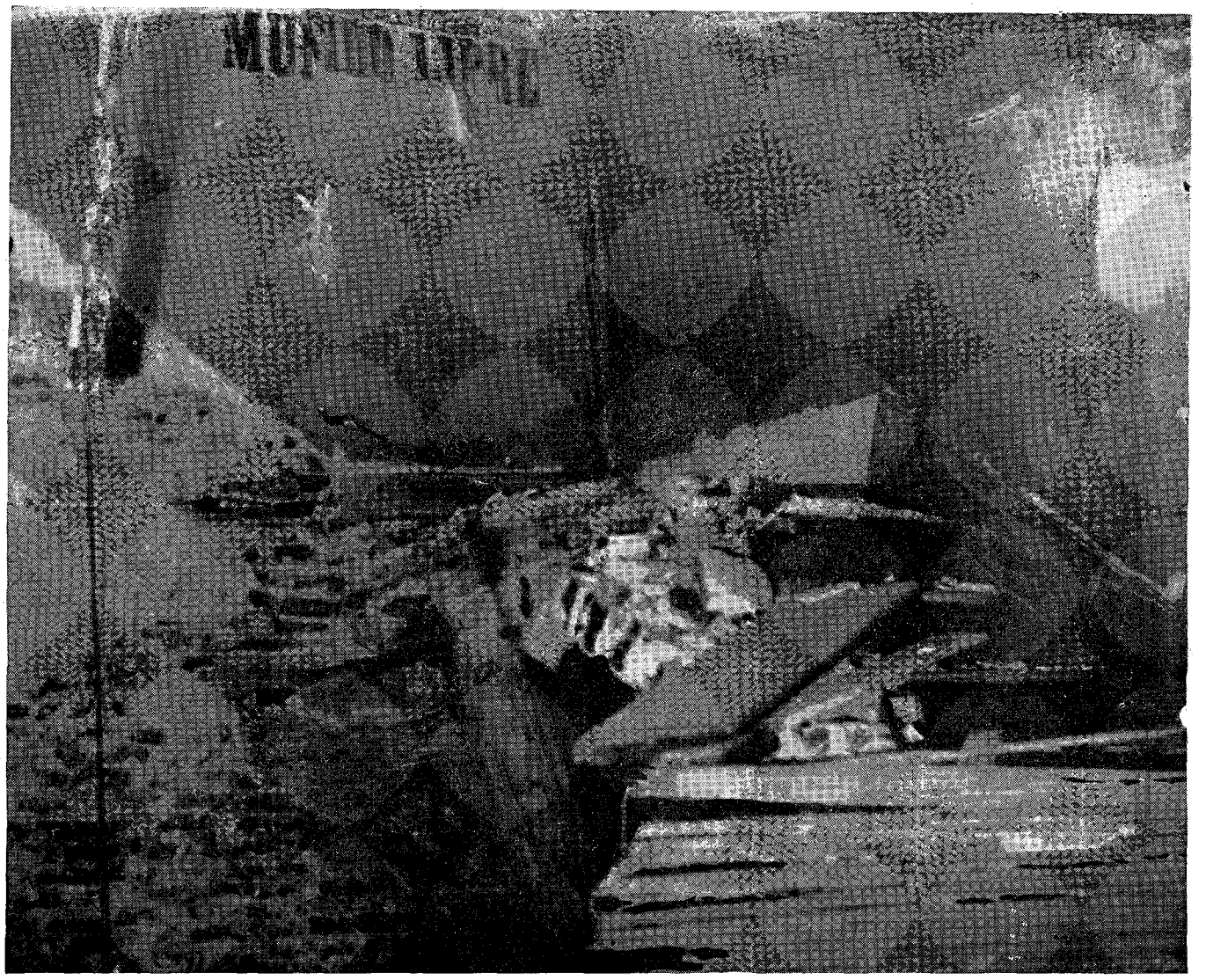

Detail of the bomb-wrecked stairway leading to *El Mundo Libre's* Montevideo offices.

Hugo Fernandez Artucio surrounded by police officers and firemen shortly after the bomb planted by Peron sympathizers exploded in the editorial offices of Mundo Libre, the Uruguayan edition of FREE WORLD. Editor Fernandez Artucio answered by bringing out an "extra" recounting the story of outrage.

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WELCOME TO UNO

The Editors of FREE WORLD *Magazine take pleasure in presenting the greetings to the UNO upon its arrival in New York of seven men in different areas of public life.*

HON. WILLIAM O'DWYER: *Mayor, New York City.*

"It is a happy privilege for me as Mayor of the City of New York to extend cordial greetings to the members of the United Nations Organization Security Council on the occasion of its first meeting in New York City. It is appropriate that the Interim Headquarters of the United Nations Organization should be established in this, the most cosmopolitan city in the world, a city which reflects the vigor and strength of the people of all nations united in a common goal.

"The old world has turned to the new where modern democracy has attained its greatest gains. And as all the peoples of the globe hopefully turn to the United Nations Organization for future peace and security, we in New York will do our utmost to help UNO achieve the purposes for which it was created."

HON. HAROLD L. ICKES: *Ex-Secretary of the Interior.*

"The imperious necessity of peace in an atomic age makes the first meeting in the United States of the United Nations Security Council one of high significance. This meeting has the best wishes of every right thinking person, for it is in this meeting that the groundwork for an enduring peace may be laid."

DAVID LILIENTHAL: *Chairman, Tennessee Valley Authority.*

"The most encouraging thing about the UNO to me is that it represents an effort, in the international field, to wrestle with the tough, everyday, and sometimes dreary human problems of living together. There is here no weak-hearted escape by flights to all-or-nothing perfection, nor resort to the camouflage of empty rhetoric. America is a most appropriate place for such honest facings of our common heritage of trouble. For we are a practical people who have made progress by much the same dogged process. We will learn much from UNO, I have no doubt; but UNO can learn a good deal from us, too."

HON. TOM CONNALLY: *U. S. Senator.*

"As the Security Council meets for the first time on American soil I want to reaffirm my faith in the ability of the council to maintain world peace and security. At London it demonstrated remarkable vigor and vitality. It tackled the problems confronting it with courage and wisdom even before its rules of procedure had been adopted. We shall expect the same vigor and vitality, the same courage and wisdom as this great agency for peace convenes now in New York.

"The open forum which the Security Council affords and the frank exchange of views which takes place there constitutes, in my opinion, the best guarantee we have that the world will be able to avoid another great conflict. The Council remains the last best hope of earth. May God give it strength to hold the banner of world peace high above the conflicting strife of selfish national interests."

THOMAS J. WATSON: *President, International Business Machines.*

"Every nation has responsibility to the UNO and in turn the UNO has great responsibility toward every nation. I am sure the United States will not only cooperate with the UNO, but will do everything possible to help coordinate the efforts of the organization so that all the United Nations shall work together in a peaceful world, where no nation may take advantage of any other nation and remain part of the UNO."

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER: *Ex-director, Atom bomb project.*

"It is a privilege to join in welcoming you. All thoughtful men must look to you with earnest hope for your success and a willingness to give in every appropriate way their help and their support."

HENRY FORD II: *President, Ford Motor Company.*

"I am heartily in agreement with the objectives of the UNO and am glad to send greetings and best wishes on the occasion of the first meeting of the Security Council in the United States."

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HOSTAGES TO PEACE

An Editorial

by ALLEN HADEN

AGAINST the somber panorama of suspicion, hate and war-breeding, the United Nations Security Council meets for the first time in the United States. In the shadow of what has been happening in the past three months, March 1946 is hardly any longer "postwar." March 1946 is a "prewar" month, prelude to The Last War, unless the United Nations come to their senses. And if it should be The Last War, it will be such until out of the primeval slime a new series of sports and adaptations to environment shall give origin to new species.

The question before the Security Council is etched in the bitter quip of a high school boy called Joe Glasgow who lives, ironically and appropriately, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee where atom bombs are made. In a special issue of his school newspaper he asks the question of his readers, of us all, of the Security Council: "The atom bomb is here to stay. Are we?"

The answer depends on the world's hostages now meeting at Hunter College in the Bronx. They must speak as their people think and feel. And beyond fear of challenge we say this:

We do not believe that the American or British or Indian or Russian or Chinese or any people want war.

Indeed not. While we, the common run of people, know and believe this truth of peace-wanting to be self-evident, we also know of the forces that are making for war. All signs point to its justification on all sides of the all-pervasive, four dimensional no man's land, as the ideological conflict between Russian Sovietism and imperial economics.

We owe profound thanks to Mr. Winston Churchill for his Fulton, Missouri, speech. Lurking beneath the eloquent phrases was the plea for an ally to assist him in his continuing mission of preventing the liquidation of the British Empire. Mr. Churchill's speech coming at the crest of an anti-Russian wave in the United States, might have touched off the fuse for the explosion. Apparently, however, the wave mounted so high it broke on the solid common sense of all Americans minus a million or two. On the other hand the almost wanton aggressiveness of Russian foreign policy is as alarming to the western world as the mounting anti-Russian hysteria of the American press is to Russia. Let there be no mistake about this: Such fear and suspicion as we have of Russia is matched equally by their suspicion and fear of ourselves.

The moral obligation which we place on our representatives, — our hostages to peace—is that our disputes shall be settled on their merits, in accordance with common morality.

The people can be gulled into war, true. But through the whole tissue of preparation for war and its waging, they know that somewhere their leaders failed them.

The Security Council's duty is clear. It must speak with the voice of two billion consciences, not the voice of half a thousand self-interests. Let our hostages remember that anything less than an indivisible peace will be their betrayal of mankind.

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NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE

by DAVID LOTH

"BILLIONS for defense . . . "—in the old days it was only "millions"—has been a favorite American slogan during most of the national life, but it has not always meant quite the same thing to the successive generations who have used it. For example, those who have survived two world wars with little more than a long armistice between, may well regard the billions represented in such measures as the proposed loan to Great Britain as a far sounder defense than the same money spent on battleships, universal military service or even an arsenal of atomic bombs.

The arguments for and against extending the British a credit of $3,750,000,000 are being poured forth with the passion which Anglo-American relations can always engender in several highly vocal segments of the population. Appeals to prejudice, to sentiment, to selfish interests are being flung against each other with some rather bewildering effects upon the public mind. Perhaps an appeal to experience might help to clarify the thinking.

Throughout the long armistice of 1918-39, the rumblings of international financial disorder presaged the storm of actual warfare. The desperate measures taken by individual nations as they were caught up, singly and in groups, by the squeeze of economic instability led to a long, tragic series of reprisals and hopelessly inadequate expedients which served only to push the world inexorably nearer to the final holocaust.

The British loan is one gear in a machine designed to prevent repetition of the same mistakes. A new generation should at least make its own mistakes, not copy those of its ancestors.

Obviously the entire machine must be in working order. The International Bank and the International Monetary Fund set up by the Bretton Woods agreements are the big wheels. But there must be wheels within wheels if the whole contraption is to run satisfactorily. The British loan is one, but certainly it must be followed by credits to many countries. It will be followed or even accompanied by similar arrangements between nations other than the United States—as Britain has already done with Canada. The British Commonwealth is the most important element in world economy needing such support. It is not the only one.

How to Get Less and Less

The failure of any part of the machine is going to have the tendency to carry us back toward the long armistice's frightening instability. In the cold glare of hindsight it appears that the chief economic phenomenon of that era was the persistence of a notion that a policy of scarcity would result in plenty. The world is a peculiar place, no doubt, but it is not as peculiar as all that.

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Translating this pet delusion into the international field, the principal nations competed ardently to reduce the total volume of world trade. Each was struggling unhappily to get more and more of less and less.

The First World War, like the Second, had rendered obsolete the international financial machinery of the day. The destruction of wealth and the disruption of prewar standards were far too great for the relatively weak credit system to manage. The same problem arises when a major disaster—fire, flood, earthquake—strikes a manufacturing town. The resources of the community are pitifully inadequate to rebuild factories, homes and schools, to repair public utilities, to restock shops and so on. Fortunately, nations are not so foolish as to rely upon that inadequacy. The internal credit system is not so bound to catastrophe that other communities regard the incident solely as a means of obtaining temporary advantage or crushing a rival. Insurance money comes in to help rebuild. Suppliers of manufacturers and retailers expand rather than contract the credit extended to customers in the devastated community. The whole machinery for doing business within the country is directed toward bringing the town back into normal productive life.

The disaster of the First World War found no such common-sense system prevailing between nations. The attempts to create one were completely valueless unless the world can profit by that experience this time. The output of wordage was high; the practical gains were small. Conferences on debts, conferences on reparations, conferences on trade, conferences on exchange followed each other with great rapidity but with little regard for each other. Consequently debts were never settled; reparations served only to aggravate international disputes; trade progressively declined; foreign exchanges fell deeper and deeper into chaos.

The great boom of the late twenties provided a sort of shot in the arm for international as well as national prosperity. It fostered the illusions that made the grim reality so much more difficult to bear. Men who were quite sure they had discovered the philosopher's stone were in no condition to stand up under the knowledge that it was nothing but a lump of lead.

They did not wait for the depression to catch up with them before embarking on the major follies of economic warfare. They saw no other course to follow for they had been quite unable to achieve any kind of financial stability.

The major stations along the road to chaos were the penalty for that failure. The disastrous inflation in Germany and Central Europe had its repercussions everywhere. In the United States, for example, the outmoded device of a high tariff was adopted in part because of the hope that it would quarantine the people from the economic ills of Europe. But such germs are not so easily controlled. The American share of world trade began slipping. Normally accounting for 8 to 10 per cent of the national income, this trade accounted for a quarter to a half of certain key industries vital to the country's prosperity.

Up to the crash, the measures of economic warfare had been somewhat concealed under polite pretences. But now they came out into the open. The devil was taking the hindmost, and each nation sought its own protection in its own strength. Their failure is the story of war.

Disintegration of Standards

The disintegration of the old standards, particularly the gold standard, seemed to many anxious observers to be the cause of the trouble. Of course, it was only the result. The old standards were abandoned because they were not sufficiently adaptable to new conditions. But instead of building an automobile to replace the broken-down horse and buggy, the community of nations decided to go it a-foot.

At this point the decidedly lame devices of managed currencies, exchange controls, quota systems, barter agreements and bilateral clearing arrangements came into full force to plague the world. In spite of successive lessons, governments refused to recognize or at least act on the principle that real international machinery was necessary to their recovery.

A single instance out of many in this period illustrates the point. In the year 1937 a great many observers of intelligence were of the opinion that we were on our way out of the doldrums. World trade was picking up a little bit. France and the few remaining countries in the so-called gold bloc had abandoned that standard in favor of a devaluation which had already been achieved by Britain and the United States. A tripartite agreement among the British, Americans and French was being hailed as the return to monetary stability.

But France was too weak to play her part in the international recovery program. Of course, she was not helped by the piratical

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tactics of her German and Italian neighbors, not to mention the conscienceless speculation of her own citizens and those of her partners. There was no machinery by which France could be helped to weather or dodge the storm. Some assistance was given by the American Government, some by the British. But it was haphazard, uncoordinated. It was no substitute for genuine international action. The French currency plunged to disaster and pulled the plug from the tentative recovery of world trade.

Throughout this period there were plenty of international loans. Obviously they were not the answer to the problem of financial instability. They are being used today as an argument against the proposed credits to Great Britain. If the billions poured forth by American investors failed to avert disaster in the long armistice, why should anyone suppose that more billions will be any more effective in the even more difficult situation of today?

New Ideas on Loans

The reply lies in the difference between the conception of foreign loans twenty years ago and the philosophy upon which the current agreement with Great Britain has been drawn up. The foreign loans of the twenties were a positive menace, not an aid to stability. They were recklessly squandered. Few of them were designed for any productive purpose in the first place. Both borrowers and lenders were animated by simple greed. Their transactions were in no way tied into any general efforts to establish a world credit system.

Today's British loan is definitely part of such a system. It is definitely linked with concrete steps to free the flow of international commerce from certain shackling restrictions. It is a supplement, a carefully worked-out supplement to the system which is being established under the Bretton Woods plan. It is to be used definitely to rehabilitate the best customer the United States has ever had and to prime the pump of the world's principal factor in world trade. Even if the $3,750,000,000 had been designed as a grant rather than a loan it would be worth it to our own well being.

If Great Britain can be strengthened to take her part in the revival of that commerce which is the life blood of nations, it will be possible to tackle the problems of other nations as well. But unless they are so strengthened, they will be tempted, if not actually forced, to adopt the discredited methods of economic warfare. The machinery of which the loan is an essential part is the world's defense against that type of warfare.

From the standpoint of the United States, this machinery is of first importance. *Americans have more to lose from a revival of economic warfare than any other people.* The majority of the people in this world today can hardly be any worse off than they are no matter what happens. A great proportion of the rest are but slightly more secure and comfortable. If the minority of mankind who still enjoy some measure of well being do not help to lift the rest toward a higher standard of living, the minority will lose their own. Secretary of the Treasury Vinson puts it:

"The alternative to assisting Britain would be to compel the British to weld the sterling area and British commonwealth into a militant trade group warring with the United States for advantages. We would be out of the British group and compelled to form a competing one of our own. Two rival blocs would mean economic warfare.

"Probably we would win, but it would be a pyrrhic victory. World trade would be destroyed and all countries would suffer. . . . We would find our trade decreased and our people unemployed. England would find her standard of living deteriorated and her people impoverished. The hope for economic cooperation would be forever lost."

There seems to be pretty general agreement among the economists that if the United States is to retain anything like its wartime standards of living, the volume of foreign trade must be at least double, perhaps triple the average of good prewar years. The value of our exports and imports will be even higher. Such a level cannot possibly be attained without removing all possible obstacles to the free flow of commerce. The removal of some of those obstacles by the British is one of the tangible benefits to the United States. Under Bretton Woods, Britain is permitted five years before she takes down these bars. Under the loan agreement, they must be removed within twelve months. To the unregenerate Anglophobe, this sounds like blackmail. He will favor forcing the British to our way rather than bargain with them. He will not, however, offer any suggestions as to how the forcing is to be done. He knows that force, after all, is a far more expensive method than negotiation. So, if he is wise, he will swallow his prejudices and shout with the rest: "Billions for defense." He can be sure that not one cent is for tribute.

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WHY WAR?

by SIGMUND FREUD

The founder of modern psychology answers Albert Einstein's letter printed in the March issue of FREE WORLD. *This exchange of letters was made at the suggestion of and later published by the International Institute for Cultural Cooperation in 1933. The clarity and force which both Einstein and Freud bring to the discussion of this crucial problem—Why War?—place these letters in the forefront of human documents.*

Vienna,
September, 1932.

Dear Professor Einstein,

When I learned of your intention to invite me to a mutual exchange of views upon a subject which not only interested you personally but seemed deserving, too, of public interest, I cordially assented. I expected you to choose a problem lying on the borderland of the knowable, as it stands today, a theme which each of us, physicist and psychologist, might approach from his own angle, to meet at last on common ground, though setting out from different premises. Thus the question which you put me—what is to be done to rid mankind of the war menace?—took me by surprise. And next, I was dumbfounded by the thought of my (or *our*, I almost wrote) incompetence; for this struck me as being a matter of practical politics, the statesman's proper study. But then I realized that you did not raise the question in your capacity of scientist or physicist, but as a lover of his fellow men, who responded to the call of the League of Nations much as Fridtjof Nansen, the Polar explorer, took on himself the task of succouring homeless and starving victims of the World War. And, next, I reminded myself that I was not being called on to formulate practical proposals, but, rather, to explain how this question of preventing wars strikes a psychologist.

But here, too, you have stated the gist of the matter in your letter—and taken the wind out of my sails! Still, I will gladly follow in your wake and content myself with endorsing your conclusions, which, however, I propose to amplify to the best of my knowledge or surmise.

You begin with the relations between Might and Right, and this is assuredly the proper starting-point for our inquiry. But, for the term "might", I would substitute a tougher and more telling word: "violence". In right and violence we have today an obvious antinomy. It is easy to prove that one has evolved from the other and, when we go back to origins and examine primitive conditions, the solution of the problem follows easily enough. I must crave your indulgence if in what follows I speak of well-known, admitted facts as though they were new data; the context necessitates this method.

CONFLICTS of interest between man and man are resolved, in principle, by the recourse to violence. It is the same in the animal kingdom, from which man can not claim exclusion; nevertheless men are also prone to conflicts of opinion, touching on occasion, the loftiest peaks of abstract thought, which seem to call for settlement by quite another method. This refinement is, however, a late development. To start with, brute force was the factor which, in small communities, decided points of ownership and the question which man's will was to prevail. Very soon physical force was implemented, then replaced, by the use of various adjuncts; he proved the victor whose weapon was the better, or handled the more skilfully. Now, for the first time, with the coming of weapons, superior brains began to oust brute force, but the object of the conflict remained the same: one party was to be constrained, by the injury done him or impairment of his strength, to retract a claim or a refusal. This end is most effectively gained when the opponent is definitely put out of action—in other words, is killed. This procedure has two advantages; the enemy cannot renew hostilities, and, secondly, his fate deters others from following his example. Moreover,

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the slaughter of a foe gratifies an instinctive craving—a point to which we shall revert hereafter. However, another consideration may be set off against this will to kill: the possibility of using an enemy for servile tasks if his spirit be broken and his life spared. Here violence finds an outlet not in slaughter but in subjugation. Hence springs the practice of giving quarter; but the victor, having from now on to reckon with the craving for revenge that rankles in his victim, forfeits to some extent his personal security.

Thus, under primitive conditions, it is superior force—brute violence, or violence backed by arms—that lords it everywhere. We know that in the course of evolution this state of things was modified, a path was traced that led away from violence to law. But what was this path? Surely it issued from a single verity; that the superiority of one strong man can be overborne by an alliance of many weaklings, that *l'union fait la force.* Brute force is overcome by union, the allied might of scattered units makes good its right against the isolated giant. Thus we may define "right" (i.e., law) as the might of a community. Yet it, too, is nothing else than violence, quick to attack whatever individual stands in its path, and it employs the selfsame methods, follows like ends, with but one difference; it is the communal, not individual, violence that has its way. But, for the transition from crude violence to the reign of law, a certain psychological condition must first obtain. The union of the majority must be stable and enduring. If its sole *raison d'être* be the discomfiture of some overweening individual and, after his downfall, it be dissolved, it leads to nothing. Some other man, trusting to his superior power, will seek to reinstate the rule of violence and the cycle will repeat itself unendingly. Thus the union of the people must be permanent and well organized; it must enact rules to meet the risk of possible revolts; must set up machinery ensuring that its rules—the laws—are observed and that such acts of violence as the laws demand are duly carried out. This recognition of a community of interests engenders among the members of the group a sentiment of unity and fraternal solidarity which constitutes its real strength.

So far I have set out what seems to me the kernel of the matter: the suppression of brute force by the transfer of power to a larger combination, founded on the community of sentiments linking up its members. All the rest is mere tautology and glosses. Now the position is simple enough so long as the community consists of a number of equipollent individuals. The laws of such a group can determine to what extent the individual must forfeit his personal freedom, the right of using personal force as an instrument of violence, to ensure the safety of the group. But such a combination is only theoretically possible; in practice the situation is always complicated by the fact that, from the outset, the group includes elements of unequal power, men and women, elders and children, and, very soon, as a result of war and conquest, victors and the vanquished—i.e., masters and slaves—as well. From this time on the common law takes notice of these inequalities of power, laws are made by and for the rulers, giving the servile classes fewer rights. Thenceforward there exist within the state two factors making for legal instability, but legislative evolution, too: first, the attempts by members of the ruling class to set themselves above the law's restrictions and, secondly, the constant struggle of the ruled to extend their rights and see each gain embodied in the code, replacing legal disabilities by equal laws for all. The second of these tendencies will be particularly marked when there takes place a positive mutation of the balance of power within the community, the frequent outcome of certain historical conditions. In such cases the laws may gradually be adjusted to the changed conditions or (as more usually ensues) the ruling class is loath to reckon with the new developments, the result being insurrections and civil wars, a period when law is in abeyance and force once more the arbiter, followed by a new regime of law. There is another factor of constitutional change, which operates in a wholly pacific manner, viz: the cultural evolution of the mass of the community; this factor, however, is of a different order and can only be dealt with later.

Thus we see that, even within the group itself, the exercise of violence cannot be avoided when conflicting interests are at stake. But the common needs and habits of men who live in fellowship under the same sky favor a speedy issue of such conflicts and, this being so, the possibilities of peaceful solutions make steady progress. Yet the most casual glance at world-history will show an unending series of conflicts between one community and another or a group of others, between large and smaller units, between cities, countries, races, tribes

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and kingdoms, almost all of which were settled by the ordeal of war. Such wars end either in pillage or in conquest and its fruits, the downfall of the loser. No single all-embracing judgment can be passed on these wars of aggrandizement. Some, like the war between the Mongols and the Turks, have led to unmitigated misery; others, however, have furthered the transition from violence to law, since they brought larger units into being, within whose limits a recourse to violence was banned and a new regime determined all disputes. Thus the Roman conquests brought that boon, the *pax romana,* to the Mediterranean lands. The French kings' lust for aggrandizement created a new France, flourishing in peace and unity. Paradoxical as it sounds, we must admit that warfare well might serve to pave the way to that unbroken peace we so desire, for it is war that brings vast empires into being, within whose frontiers all warfare is proscribed by a strong central power. In practice, however, this end is not attained, for, as a rule, the fruits of victory are but short-lived, the new-created unit falls asunder once again, generally because there can be no true cohesion between the parts that violence has welded. Hitherto, moreover, such conquests have only led to aggregations which, for all their magnitude, had limits, and disputes between these units could be resolved only by recourse to arms. For humanity at large the sole result of all these military enterprises was that, instead of frequent, not to say incessant, little wars, they had now to face great wars which, for all they came less often, were so much the more destructive.

REGARDING the world of today the same conclusion holds good, and you, too, have reached it, though by a shorter path. There is but one sure way of ending war and that is the establishment, by common consent, of a central control which shall have the last word in every conflict of interests. For this, two things are needed: first, the creation of such a supreme court of judicature; secondly, its investment with adequate executive force. Unless this second requirement be fiulfilled, the first is unavailing. Obviously the League of Nations, acting as a Supreme Court, fulfills the first condition; it does not fulfill the second. It has no force at its disposal and can only get it if the members of the new body, its constituent nations, furnish it. And, as things are, this is a forlorn hope. Still we should be taking a very short-sighted view of the League of Nations were we to ignore the fact that here is an experiment the like of which has rarely —never before, perhaps, on such a scale—been attempted in the course of history. It is an attempt to acquire the authority (in other words, coercive influence), which hitherto reposed exclusively on the possession of power, by calling into play certain idealistic attitudes of mind. We have seen that there are two factors of cohesion in a community: violent compulsion and ties of sentiment ("identifications", in technical parlance) between the members of the group. If one of these factors becomes inoperative, the other may still suffice to hold the group together. Obviously such notions as these can only be significant when they are the expression of a deeply rooted sense of unity, shared by all. It is necessary, therefore, to gauge the efficacy of such sentiments.

History tells us that, on occasion, they have been effective. For example, the Panhellenic conception, the Greeks' awareness of superiority over their barbarian neighbors, which found expression in the Amphictyonies, the Oracles and Games, was strong enough to humanize the methods of warfare as between Greeks, though inevitably it failed to prevent conflicts between different elements of the Hellenic race or even to deter a city or group of cities from joining forces with their racial foe, the Persians, for the discomfort of a rival. The solidarity of Christendom in the Renaissance age was no more effective, despite its vast authority, in hindering Christian nations, large and small alike, from calling in the Sultan to their aid. And, in our times, we look in vain for some such unifying notion whose authority would be unquestioned. It is all too clear that the nationalistic ideas, paramount today in every country, operate in quite a contrary direction. Some there are who hold that the Bolshevist conceptions may make an end of war, but, as things are, that goal lies very far away and, perhaps, could only be attained after a spell of brutal internecine warfare. Thus it would seem that any effort to replace brute force by the might of an ideal is, under present conditions, doomed to fail. Our logic is at fault if we ignore the fact that right is founded on brute force and even today needs violence to maintain it.

I NOW can comment on another of your statements. You are amazed that it is so easy to infect men with the war-fever, and you surmise that man has in him an active instinct for hatred and destruction, amenable to such

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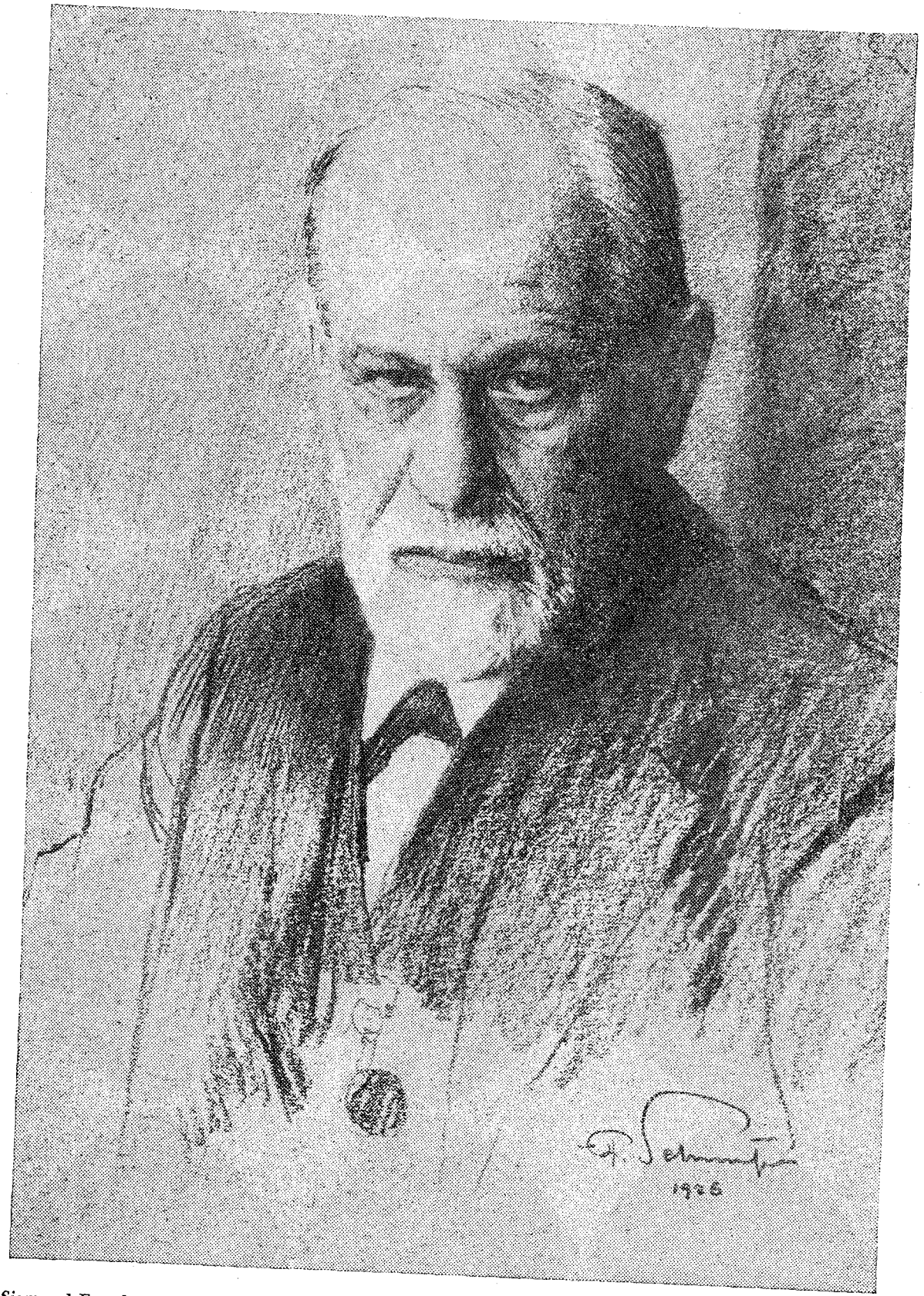

Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis. From a drawing by Ferdinand Schmutzer in 1926. Freud died in 1938 in London from cancer.

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stimulations. I entirely agree with you. I believe in the existence of this instinct and have been recently at pains to study its manifestations. In this connection may I set out a fragment of that knowledge of the instincts, which we psychoanalysts, after so many tentative essays and gropings in the dark have compassed? We assume that human instincts are of two kinds: those that conserve and unify, which we call "erotic" (in the meaning Plato gives to *Eros* in his *Symposium*), or else "sexual" (explicitly extending the popular connotation of "sex"); and, secondly, the instincts to destroy and kill, which we assimilate as the aggressive or destructive instincts. These are, as you perceive, the well-known opposites, Love and Hate. Transformed into theoretical entities; they are, perhaps, another aspect of those eternal polarities, attraction and repulsion, which fall within your province. But we must be chary of passing over-hastily to the notions of good and evil. Each of these instincts is every whit as indispensable as its opposite and all the phenomena of life derive from their activity, whether they work in concert or in opposition. It seems that an instinct of either category can operate but rarely in isolation; it is always blended ("alloyed", as we say) with a certain dosage of its opposite, which modifies its aim or even, in certain circumstances, is a prime condition of its attainment. Thus the instinct of self-preservation is certainly of an erotic nature, but to gain its ends this very instinct necessitates aggressive action. In the same way the love-instinct, when directed to a specific object, calls for an admixture of the acquisitive instinct if it is to enter into effective possession of that object. It is the difficulty of isolating the two kinds of instinct in their manifestations that has so long prevented us from recognizing them.

If you will travel with me a little further on this road, you will find that human affairs are complicated in yet another way. Only exceptionally does an action follow on the stimulus of a single instinct, which is *per se* a blend of *Eros* and destructiveness. As a rule several motives of similar composition concur to bring about the act. This fact was duly noted by a colleague of yours, Professor G. C. Lichtenberg, sometime Professor of Physics at Göttingen; he was perhaps even more eminent as a psychologist than as a physical scientist. He evolved the notion of a "Compass-card of Motives" and wrote: "The efficient motives impelling man to act can be classified like the 32 Winds, and described in the same manner; e.g., *Food-Food-Fame* or *Fame-Fame-Food*." Thus, when a nation is summoned to engage in war, a whole gamut of human motives may respond to this appeal; high and low motives, some openly avowed, others slurred over. The lust for aggression and destruction is certainly included; the innumerable cruelties of history and man's daily life confirm its prevalence and strength. The stimulation of these destructive impulses by appeals to idealism and the erotic instinct naturally facilitates their release. Musing on the atrocities recorded on history's page, we feel that the ideal motive has often served as a camouflage for the lust of destruction; sometimes, as with the cruelties of the Inquisition, it seems that, while the ideal motives occupied the foreground of consciousness, they drew their strength from the destructive instincts submerged in the unconscious. Both interpretations are feasible.

YOU are interested, I know, in the prevention of war, not in our theories, and I keep this fact in mind. Yet I would like to dwell a little longer on this destructive instinct which is seldom given the attention that its importance warrants. With the least of speculative efforts we are led to conclude that this instinct functions in every living being, striving to work its ruin and reduce life to its primal state of inert matter. Indeed it might well be called the "death-instinct"; whereas the erotic instincts vouch for the struggle to live on. The death instinct becomes an impulse to destruction when, with the aid of certain organs, it directs its action outwards, against external objects. The living being, that is to say, defends its own existence by destroying foreign bodies. But, in one of its activities, the death instinct is operative *within* the living being and we have sought to trace back a number of normal and pathological phenomena to this *introversion* of the destructive instinct. We have even committed the heresy of explaining the origin of human conscience by some such "turning inward" of the aggressive impulse. Obviously when this internal tendency operates on too large a scale, it is no trivial matter, rather a positively morbid state of things; whereas the diversion of the destructive impulse toward the external world must have beneficial effects. Here is then the biological justification for all those vile, pernicious propensities which we now are combating. We can but own that they are really more akin to nature than this our stand against them, which, in fact, remains to be accounted for.

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All this may give you the impression that our theories amount to a species of mythology and a gloomy one at that! But does not every natural science lead ultimately to this—a sort of mythology? Is it otherwise today with your physical science?

THE upshot of these observations, as bearing on the subject in hand, is that there is no likelihood of our being able to suppress humanity's aggressive tendencies. In some happy corners of the earth, they say, where nature brings forth abundantly whatever man desires, there flourish races whose lives go gently by, unknowing of aggression or constraint. This I can hardly credit; I would like further details about these happy folk. The Bolshevists, too, aspire to do away with human aggressiveness by ensuring the satisfaction of material needs and enforcing equality between man and man. To me this hope seems vain. Meanwhile they busily perfect their armaments, and their hatred of outsiders is not the least of the factors of cohesion amongst themselves. In any case, as you, too, have observed, complete suppression of man's aggressive tendencies is not in issue; what we may try is to divert it into a channel other than that of warfare.

From our "mythology" of the instincts we may easily deduce a formula for an indirect method of eliminating war. If the propensity for war be due to the destructive instinct, we have always its counter-agent, *Eros*, to our hand. All that produces ties of sentiment between man and man must serve us as war's antidote. These ties are of two kinds. First, such relations as those toward a beloved object, void though they be of sexual intent. The psychoanalyst need feel no compunction in mentioning "love" in this connection; religion uses the same language: Love thy neighbor as thyself. A pious injunction easy to enounce, but hard to carry out! The other bond of sentiment is by way of identification. All that brings out the significant resemblances between men calls into play this feeling of community, identification, whereon is founded, in large measure, the whole edifice of human society.

In your strictures on the abuse of authority I find another suggestion for an indirect attack on the war-impulse. That men are divided into leaders and the led is but another manifestation of their inborn and irremediable inequality. The second class constitutes the vast majority; they need a high command to make decisions for them, to which decisions they usually bow without demur. In this context we would point out that men should be at greater pains than heretofore to form a superior class of independent thinkers, unamenable to intimidation and fervent in the quest of truth, whose function it would be to guide the masses dependent on their lead. There is no need to point out how little the rule of politicians and the Church's ban on liberty of thought encourage such a new creation. The ideal conditions would obviously be found in a community where every man subordinated his instinctive life to the dictates of reason. Nothing less than this could bring about so thorough and so durable a union between men, even if this involved the severance of mutual ties of sentiment. But surely such a hope is utterly utopian, as things are. The other indirect methods of preventing war are certainly more feasible, but entail no quick results. They conjure up an ugly picture of mills that grind so slowly that, before the flour is ready, men are dead of hunger.

AS you see, little good comes of consulting a theoretician, aloof from worldly contacts, on practical and urgent problems! Better it were to tackle each successive crisis with means that we have ready to our hands. However, I would like to deal with a question which, though it is not mooted in your letter, interests me greatly. Why do we, you and I and many another, protest so vehemently against war, instead of just accepting it as another of life's odious importunities? For it seems a natural thing enough, biologically sound and practically unavoidable. I trust you will not be shocked by my raising such a question. For the better conduct of an inquiry it may be well to don a mask of feigned aloofness. The answer to my query may run as follows: Because every man has a right over his own life and war destroys lives that were full of promise; it forces the individual into situations that shame his manhood, obliging him to murder fellow men, against his will; it ravages material amenities, the fruits of human toil, and much besides. Moreover, wars, as now conducted, afford no scope for acts of heroism according to the old ideals and, given the high perfection of modern arms, war today would mean the sheer extermination of one of the combatants, if not of both. This is so true, so obvious, that we can but wonder why the conduct of war is not banned by general consent. Doubtless either of the points I have just made is open to debate. It may be asked

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if the community, in its turn, cannot claim a right over the individual lives of its members. Moreover, all forms of war cannot be indiscriminately condemned; so long as there are nations and empires, each prepared callously to exterminate its rival, all alike must be equipped for war. But we will not dwell on any of these problems; they lie outside the debate to which you have invited me. I pass on to another point, the basis, as it strikes me, of our common hatred of war. It is this: we cannot do otherwise than hate it. Pacifists we are, since our organic nature wills us thus to be. Hence it comes easy to us to find arguments that justify our standpoint.

THIS point, however, calls for elucidation. Here is the way in which I see it. The cultural development of mankind (some, I know, prefer to call it civilization) has been in progress since immemorial antiquity. To this process we owe all that is best in our composition, but also much that makes for human suffering. Its origins and causes are obscure, its issue is uncertain, but some of its characteristics are easy to perceive. It well may lead to the extinction of mankind, for it impairs the sexual function in more than one respect, and even today the uncivilized races and the backward classes of all nations are multiplying more rapidly than the cultured elements. This process may, perhaps, be likened to the effects of domestication on certain animals—it clearly involves physical changes of structure—but the view that cultural development is an organic process of this order has not yet become generally familiar. The psychic changes which accompany this process of cultural change are striking, and not to be gainsaid. They consist in the progressive rejection of instinctive ends and a scaling down of instinctive reactions. Sensations which delighted our forefathers have become neutral or unbearable to us; and, if our ethical and aesthetic ideals have undergone a change, the causes of this are ultimately organic. On the psychological side two of the most important phenomena of culture are, firstly, a strengthening of the intellect, which tends to master our instinctive life, and, secondly, an introversion of the aggressive impulse, with all its consequent benefits and perils. Now war runs most emphatically counter to the psychic disposition imposed on us by the growth of culture; we are therefore bound to resent war, to find it utterly intolerable. With pacifists like us it is not merely an intellectual and affective repulsion, but a constitutional intolerance, an idiosyncrasy in its most drastic form. And it would seem that the aesthetic ignominies of warfare play almost as large a part in this repugnance as war's atrocities.

How long have we to wait before the rest of men turn pacifist? Impossible to say, and yet perhaps our hope that these two factors —man's cultural disposition and a well-founded dread of the form that future wars will take— may serve to put an end to war in the near future, is not chimerical. But by what ways or by-ways this will come about, we cannot guess. Meanwhile we may rest on the assurance that whatever makes for cultural development is working also against war.

With kindest regards and, should this *exposé* prove a disappointment to you, my sincere regrets.

Yours,

SIGMUND FREUD.

ALTERNATIVES

An intelligent man has only three alternatives today: the totalitarianism of the Roman Catholic Church, the totalitarianism of Communism, or the absolute of suicide.

Attributed to T. S. Eliot.

(ED. NOTE: This set of alternatives fails to consider that most men are not absolutists but relativists. Nevertheless, the editors would appreciate having any reader who can do so, please to send us the authentic phrasing and reference for this absolutist dictum.)

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YOU'RE ON THE AIR!

by CÉSAR SAERCHINGER

A widely experienced and well-loved commentator—heard every Sunday over NBC in his half hour called "The Story Behind the Headlines"—tells a few of the secrets of newscasting and commentating.

STATISTICIANS and opinion pollsters tell us that more people get their news by radio than by any other means. I don't propose to explain this psychological phenomenon, but there it is. People buy as many newspapers as ever, but that doesn't alter the fact that radio actually reaches more people at more times. If we take this fact for granted, we are ready to examine the further question: is this a good or a bad thing?

Does he who sits and listens get better or more accurate news than he who runs and reads? All we can say with certainty on this point is that he hears more news more often, and very often he hears the same news many times. Indisputably he gets the most obvious, if not always the most important, news drummed into him more than ever before. He is, by means of radio, *more* informed regarding the happenings of the day. But is he better informed? Does he get more information by which he can evaluate what he hears? Is he more or less able to form an independent opinion of his own?

First, let me make some elementary distinctions. There are "newscasters," "commentators," and "news analysts." The line between these categories is sometimes blurred. But in general the "newscaster" is just a voice, while the others are in varying degree responsible for their stuff. The newscaster is one who reads into the microphone, at various times of the day or night, an abstract of the Associated Press, United Press or other agency news tape, prepared for him by the news-writer of the station or network. Many people have their "favorite" newscaster. Many are under the impression, when they hear "And here is Joe Doaks with the latest news," that Joe has prepared his news, or even seen some of it happen. They would be disappointed to know that his is a synthetic product varying only slightly from station to station and hour to hour.

That is what most people listen to when they get their radio news. They get it in anywhere from five to fifteen minutes, whereas it would take them at least an hour to dig it out of their newspapers. Mostly they also get a "commercial" thrown in, for most news spots are now "sponsored," especially since the war has made news a strong competitor of entertainment.

Getting news in capsule form is probably all to the good. Most newspapers are overwritten anyway these days, and few people take the time to wade through the columns of circumstantial and descriptive matter. Radio news, though terse and brief, is usually selected without bias, and permits the listener to evaluate its relative importance. Newspapers evaluate their news by varying degress of display and headlines which often reflect the paper's political slant.

All in all, therefore, one may say that the average man gets at least a smattering of world events to an extent he did not get before radio came along. He becomes as superficially familiar with current problems as he does with the themes and leitmotifs of the world's great music. It is true that he often misunderstands, or hears imperfectly. It is true, too, that oral memory is not as good as visual memory; but the repetitiousness of radio news rectifies this to some degree.

II

FOR circumstantial details, for background and interpretation the radio listener must rely on the news "commentator." The various types of commentator range from the "personalized" newscaster to the analyst who expatiates on leading events, problems and trends. The most popular prototype of the "personalized newscaster" is Lowell Thomas, whose pleasant, sonorous voice and unfailing intelligibility account for his huge audience.

Commentators like Thomas, Quincy Howe,

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or Paul Schubert rarely venture an opinion, though one usually realizes where they stand. But the point is that you are listening to a personality responsible for the selection, formulation and interpretation of the offered news. This is news with an editorial flavor, though not an editorial slant.

The third category of radio news man is the news analyst—the man who not only selects his news but analyzes or interprets it, either with or without personal or political bias. Outstanding examples, on the conservative and liberal side respectively, are H. V. Kaltenborn and Raymond Swing. Their formulas differ radically, and so does their approach. They are nevertheless similar in that they aim to present world events in what each regards as the correct light, with an emphasis determined by their personal predilections. They do not proselytize but cannot conceal the fact that they wish the reader to adopt their own point of view. In the coined phrase of a certain news executive, they "opinionate the news."

Their nearest parallel in the newspaper world is the syndicated political columnist. Like the columnist, they do not represent the political opinion of any particular organ, but only themselves. Parenthetically I might add that there is no such thing as a "station opinion" or "network opinion," and this is an important distinction between the radio and the press.

There is, however, a type of commentator, or analyst, whose political slant reflects a recognizable body of opinion, or a vested interest or movement. This type sets out, by selection and coloring of his material, to influence his public. These special pleaders are comparatively rare, and they are offset by others of different or opposite views. Among them we find Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Henry J. Taylor on the "right" and Cecil Brown and Edward R. Murrow on the "left."

Beyond (though not above) all these categories we have the sensation and prediction peddlers like Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson, who command enormous audiences and probably have, on a purely quantitative basis, the widest influence of all.

III

THE influence of radio news analysts is enormous—quite out of proportion to their number or their personal importance. Their number (reckoning those with a nation-wide audience) is comparatively small—a mere handful. Yet the weight of their opinion is felt in millions of homes all over the land. Among opinion-formers these men, as a body, rank at the top in America today.

This is not only because of radio's enormous coverage, but because each individual commentator reaches millions of listeners every time he speaks. The newspapers with their tremendous circulations also reach millions, but there is no telling how many people actually read anything but the headlines and the comic strips. The people who actually read editorials are probably a rather small minority. But it is actually possible to gauge the size of each commentator's audience, by means of so-called "listener ratings" – Crosley or Hooper – from week to week. Nothing comparable to this popularity index exists in the newspaper world.

This rating determines a commentator's place and his commercial value. It establishes for him a position of independence vis-a-vis his "employers," the radio chains. Since most news commentary programs are commercially sponsored, the commentator does not really depend for his income on the chains. As a radio agent once old me, "Once a man reaches a rating of .12, nobody can stop him."

This popularity is cumulative. The longer a man is "on the air" (once he has established a personal following) the greater his influence becomes. It is based on a personal relationship between him and millions of individuals. People have their favorite commentator, and to them his word is law. One reason for this is that listening is easier than reading, and the voice is more persuasive than the pen. The most successful commentator is he who combines a convincing style with a personality which "gets across" by means of an expressive and agreeable voice.

This business of the voice is largely a matter of individual taste. There is a wide variety of taste, running all the way from the crisp decisiveness of a Kaltenborn to the luscious, sanctimonious tones of a Gabriel Heatter, who is the "Reader's Digest" of the air.

The commentator's influence on his listener partly lies in the nature of his function. He is not bound to respect the conventional newspaper distinction between news and opinion. He can editorialize while he gives the news. He can say this and that happened, it's a shame, and this is why.

Neither the editorial writer nor the columnist has this advantage. The news he comments on has appeared in his paper the day before, or the week before. By the time he comments on it, his readers have either lost interest or have

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formed opinions, or have had them formed by others. Great as may be the influence of a Walter Lippmann or a Marquis Childs or a Dorothy Thompson, fewer people read their columns than listen to the "columns" on the air.

V

THERE can be no quarrel with this influence so long as it reflects a sense of responsibility; so long as it is based on sincere and independent opinion, and a fair consideration of all available facts. Unfortunately this is not always the case. For one thing, verbal ability and a persuasive voice are no guarantee against wrong-headedness.

Bernard Shaw once said that the microphone is the "most wonderful tell-tale in the world." His point was that it was always easy to fool an audience present in the flesh. But "if you try that on the microphone it gives you away instantly. You hear the political ranter—you hear that his platitudes mean nothing and that he does not believe them."

I have tried to apply that test to some of our "political" commentators and I must say that it didn't work. The truth is that the biased commentator, the special pleader for a ready-made doctrine, usually preaches to the converted, and that in the enormous radio audience an increasing number of "pre-conditioned" listeners can usually be found.

Another difficulty lies in the rather paradoxical limitations inherent in radio. Because of its almost universal coverage, it cannot afford to cater to special groups—age groups, intellectual groups, or groups with special cultural demands. Since it reaches everybody, it must please everybody *at the same time*. In "radio-talks" this often tends to simplification, and sometimes to over-simplification—which results in confusion. The majority usually prefers sheer black and white, without the finer intermediary shades of *pro* and *con*. It is not surprising, therefore, that Walter Winchell and Gabriel Heatter have many times the "rating" of Raymond Swing.

Having said this, I have said about all that can be said against the argument that because of radio the public is better informed. The free radio of America offers a multitude of things. A Babel of voices goes out over the air day after day. Much of it is plain, unadorned and unrelated fact. Much of it is a welter of conflicting opinions, which cancel each other out. But to those who take the trouble to find what they need, to listen "actively" rather than passively, the radio can provide—not an unfailing oracle but a stimulant to independent thought.

It would be side-stepping an issue not to discuss the effect of commercial sponsorship of news comment. Radio today is just as dependent on advertising as the daily press. More than that, network radio is dependent on a certain kind of advertising—advertising which appeals to the mass and is financed by mass-production industry. This means that the bulk of programs must be gauged to mass-audience appeal, and it also means that big industry is the middle man between radio and the people.

Luckily this affects entertainment programs more than news. Radio has done a magnificent job of reporting the war, helping the war effort and interpreting the issues of the war. Radio has been able to expend vast sums in these tasks. It has never shunned dispensing with profit when the occasion required it. It has done this in the consciousness that it is and must be a public servant, operating on a public domain.

Nevertheless, the propriety of the sponsorship of news commentaries has been questioned—among others by James C. Fly, the former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. One network has tried to restrict its commentators by forbidding them to editorialize, supposedly on the assumption that he who pays the piper may wish to call the tune. But the unfortunate result of this ukase was the dismissal of a commentator (Cecil Brown) whose opinions were the opposite of those of the N.A.M.

On the other hand, two anti-labor commentators were eliminated from leading networks in the last few years by the simple means of not having their contracts renewed. For although commentators are sponsored by a powerful industry, the network has the right to reject.

In the last analysis it is the public which keeps a man "on the air." Unless he draws an audience he is not worth his price. The networks must seek to satisfy all political trends; but each member of the public has the privilege of tuning a man out. And if enough of them do it, he will be out for good. Radio is subject to the most democratic of all controls, if the public takes the trouble to apply it, and has the courage to act.

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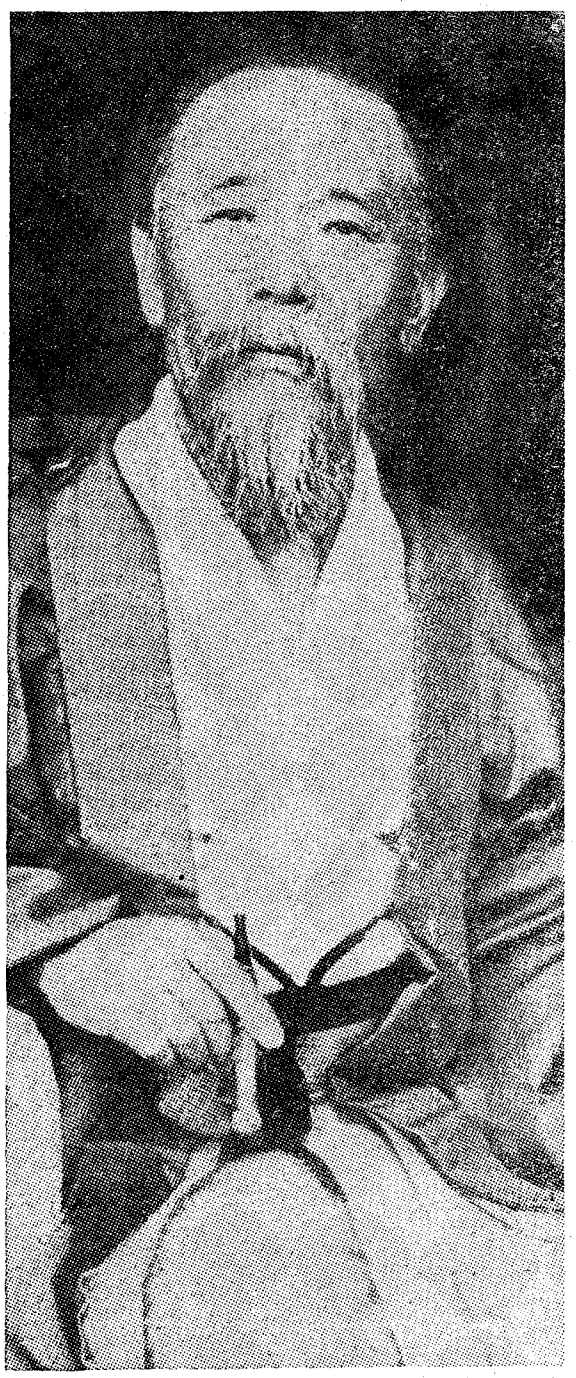
ENLIGHTENING THE

Reform of Japanese behavior must begin with a remolding of the Japanese mind. So thinks Walter Sullivan who spent some years among the Japanese—and fought them. This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in the May issue of FREE WORLD.



BEFORE—Prince Ito was sent to Europe by Emperor Meiji to find a democratic system for Japan . . .

WE who sailed out across the Pacific these past years knew little of the motivations and reflexes of Japanese thinking, and to help us outguess the enemy the high command tossed us whatever clues came to hand. For example, a story learned from what was then an underground source was printed and circulated to all officers of the Fleet. It told of an American pilot in combat over Jap-held New Guinea. When his plane was shot down, he parachuted into Japanese hands and was brought before a stony-faced commander. The American made a deep oriental bow and said, "I have only one request. I should like to meet the pilot who shot me down. Never have I seen such magnificent flying."

The Japanese commander turned and gave excited instructions to a subordinate. A banquet was laid out in the officers' mess and the American flier was seated at the right hand of the commander, the Japanese pilot who shot him down was seated at the left. There was much jabbering and a general aura of excitement up and down the table. After the banquet the American was informed that the prison camps in New Guinea were "not pleasant." There was disease and little food. He was told that on the first available ship he would be sent to a comfortable camp in the Home Islands. And that promise was kept.

Humoring the enemy's ego

The circular which carried this authenticated tale to the Fleet pointed out that such was the reward for "humoring" the ego of our enemy. Many Japanese soldiers had developed a deep and subtle feeling of inferiority in face of our superior training, equipment and planning; too often they soothed this feeling by attempting to degrade their prisoners through mental and physical torture.

We were shown the mind of the enemy in other ways. His basic operation plans and doctrines were captured, translated and circulated to the Fleet; and we read them with profound impatience. We had been reared on American plans—masterful, voluminous, scien-

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JAPANESE MIND

by

WALTER SULLIVAN, JR.

tific documents that were the fruit of long labor by a staff of specialists. The Japanese plans were above all lacking in logic. There was no methodical arrangement of premises, supposition, and conclusions. The well-known military doctrine that could be learned in any war college was set forth, yet the men who wrote the plans and applied that doctrine seemed to have lifted it bodily out of some textbook and applied it without following through the lines of reasoning by which it had originally been devised.

In our own experience we found that when the enemy did win a clear-cut advantage and was in a position to move in for the kill, he almost invariably broke off and retired, as at the First Battle of Savo, the Komandorskis, and the surprise of our slow carriers off Samar. We soon learned that the suicide pilot sitting at his controls in streaming white sacrificial robes, could not be relied upon to crash his plane against the choicest target. In his blind fanaticism he often winged over into a landing craft less valuable than his own plane and let a near-by battleship steam on untouched.

By the war's end we realized that this lack of common sense—of critical thinking—was the taproot of Japanese militarism. A habit of thought cemented into their minds by the schools. Had the common people been enlightened in their thinking the military clique could never have overwhelmed the government, they couldn't have gotten away with it. We can cut all the secondary roots: reform the constitution, grant the basic freedoms, stifle Shinto, purge the country of economic and military oligarchy; but as long as the taproot of uncritical thinking remains the average citizen will be indifferent to his privileges and will let them again be usurped as soon as the occupation forces leave. If we fail to change his thinking, the Japanese mind will remain a tinder box, and a repetition of the events of the past ten years will be a possibility if not a likelihood. If our skill and persistence are sufficient we may bring about an enlightenment that will be the wonder of generations to come.

AFTER—All Prince Ito brought back was Prussian parliamentarianism, militarism and a frock coat and bowler.

From seclusion to Prussianism

Our view of Japan across the gunsights of war has blinded us to the progress she once made toward democracy and enlightenment; yet we must examine this progress if we would prescribe a permanent cure for the sinister militarism of which we saw so much these past years. Warriors have always played a vigorous role in Japanese politics—we hope that this

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war was their last struggle for power—but we are inclined to forget that liberalism in Japan advanced far along the road to putting them out of business.

Eighty years ago this liberal movement started from nothing. During the latter half of the 19th Century the ideas of Europe and America flowed into a country which was indescribably naïve. In order to safeguard their own power, the rulers of Japan had for centuries enforced a policy of self-seclusion that sought to isolate their land from all kinds of religious, economic and political invasion. Although a highly sophisticated art and literature had developed amongst court society, the ideas that were being carried throughout the world on the shoulders of invasion and commerce did not penetrate the Japanese Islands; or when they did they were ruthlessly suppressed. Thus in 17th Century Japan Christians were automatically put to the fire, and not until 1856, after the country had been opened to commerce by Commodore Perry, was the ceremony of *Efumi* officially abolished. In this ceremony all inhabitants, including small children, were required at the beginning of the year to trample on pictures of Christ or the Virgin Mary to demonstrate their disavowal of Christianity, which was considered a dangerous importation from beyond the sea.

At the time of the Meiji restoration in 1867 the concept of the Emperor was less comparable to the "Divine Right" idea of 17th Century England, than to that of a ruler of divine ancestry as held by the Homeric Greeks and early Teuton tribes. The unquestioning submission of the people was part of the moral code, as it had been since the days of Confucius. "Not more surely does the grass bend before the wind than the masses yield to the will of those above them." There were public notices throughout Japan declaring that it was a crime, punishable as conspiracy, for two or more persons to meet together "for a political purpose."

But the Emperor Meiji was determined to end this isolation and modernize his country so that it could stand up to the West in both the economic and political spheres.

The European countries had been using their navies as diplomatic weapons against Japan. In 1863 a British fleet bombarded Kagoshima in reprisal for the killing of three British nationals in that area, and when an American man-of-war and several other European ships were fired upon by the antiquated shore batteries at Shimonoseki Strait, a squadron of sixteen English, French and Dutch warships appeared off-shore and blasted the Japanese installations. The U. S. Navy was preoccupied with the Civil War and did not participate. Thus the Japanese were forcefully impressed with the technical developments of the West, to which they had been blind for so many years, and rallied behind the Emperor in his efforts to make Japan a modern power.

Before entering Tokyo as Emperor, Meiji called the nobles into his palace and took an oath promising to organize a deliberative assembly to give all classes a say in the government. To fulfill this oath and unify his country he sent Prince Ito to study the constitutions of Europe and America. Unfortunately Ito was more impressed with the government in Berlin than with the governments in London and Washington. The trappings of a parliamentary constitution were instituted in Japan—a Diet, House of Peers and Cabinet—but as with the German Reichstag, the Diet was primarily a "debating society." It had no power to initiate legislation and no control over the Cabinet, which was responsible directly to the Emperor. Furthermore if either the Minister of War or Minister of the Navy resigned in dudgeon, the cabinet fell, giving the military group a veto power in the government which Bismarck had said was essential.

Japan was almost liberal once

More radical ideas, nevertheless, came into the country with the newly-imported industries and with the European and American experts who came to install them. In a nation which had been thinking in terms of Confucius there suddenly appeared the most advanced ideas of contemporary Europe—ideas which had become established in their parent countries after centuries of development from the foundations laid in Greece and Rome. Thus we find Itagaki, a nobleman who helped restore the Emperor to political power, founding a party whose governing principle was the social contract theory of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Itagaki came to be known as the "Father of Japanese Liberalism" and was considered such a menace by the reactionaries that they tried to rub him out. He survived, but the incident gave him an opportunity to cry out in true Patrick Henry style, "Itagaki may die, but Liberty shall never die!"

The new political ideas did not penetrate very deeply or build up sufficiently strong demands for reform to change the constitution, which has remained essentially the same until the present day. Yet there were small groups representing every shade of European political

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thought. The Japan Communist Society maintained continuous existence—usually underderground—until its recent liberation; but so violent were the suppressive measures against it that even today the Communist Party only claims six hundred members and its leader, Myoshio Shiga, has just completed nineteen years as a political prisoner. A number of radicals have even plotted against the life of the Emperor, such as Kotoku and his eleven followers (all of whom were executed) and the Korean, Boku Retzu Ken, whom the Americans recently released from life imprisonment for having tried to do the job with a bomb.

Japan also had her labor movement, which sprang to life in 1897 with the organization of a thousand men into the Iron Worker's Union. Its constitution and by-laws were modeled after those of contemporary American unions. Three years later all unions were outlawed by the Public Peace Police Law, but by the end of World War I the unions were going strong again and Japan was not exempt from the world-wide labor unrest of that time.

There were strikes and violence in the garment, maritime, tobacco, mining and munitions industries, the favorite technique being to come to work and then stand around all day, munching sandwiches and leaving the machines idle. Trolley conductors varied this by operating their cars at full speed from terminal to terminal, leaving prospective passengers waving vainly at the car stops. By 1931 7.9% of all labor was organized according to Japanese officials of that day, as compared with about 12% in the United States. In that year all shades of European political theory was still represented, and that included National Socialism. The National Socialists found favor in the eyes of the militarists, who had already launched a war in Manchuria. The army "advised" its factory workers to retire from their union and the percentage of unionization throughout the country began to fall off.

Militarists take over

Such was the advancement of Japan's conversion from a medieval to a modern state when the Manchurian Incident enabled the Militarists to take over the government. There was universal manhood suffrage, although the Diet which represented that electorate was a "debating society." Some of the laboratory work being done in the Imperial Universities was receiving world-wide attention, though research in the social sciences was still taboo. Liberal political movements were established in the large cities. Yet with the assistance of a few dozen well-aimed assassinations it was possible for the militarists to wipe out the gain that had been made and seize control.

They knew that there was no chance of organized resistance; for the courageous nucleus of liberals numbered only in the thousands, and the remaining millions had never been educated to political responsibility. Submissiveness was the first virtue they had learned in school, and the "religion" they learned there, State Shinto, made it official. They neither knew nor cared what was going on behind the walls of government buildings. They were still the grass, bending before the wind of government wherever it listed. When that government sent them to the Marshalls and Solomons with guns or bamboo poles in their hands, they fought courageously and doggedly. Now that the men whom they fought are masters of their government they harken faithfully to the commands of their rulers. We are attempting to weed out the ring-leader militarists, but there is no doubt that when our troops leave Japan there will still be plenty of bitter jingoists on the loose who will try and seize the reins again.

Self-respect is the cure

The answer is to innoculate the common man of Japan with a feeling of self-respect—the self-respect that springs from a lifelong practice of critical thinking. Reliance upon the individual's reasoning power is the heritage of most Westerners from childhood. We are not required to accept truths on authority alone, but are encouraged to think out our own conclusions. Such thinking is the foundation of our entire political and social system. It dates from the dialectics of the Ancient Greeks. We learn it so young that when it is lacking in others we are mystified by their thinking.

To no longer be grass in the wind, susceptible to the fire of ultra-nationalism, the Japanese masses must gain this self-respect. Without a basic feeling of individualism they will never absorb the political ideas that are being poured into the cauldron every day, despite the best efforts of General Dyke and the other American publicity experts to sell democracy over the radio, through the press and in the movies. Like the ideas of Itagaki and his successors they will only form a cream on top which can quickly be skimmed off unless there is enlightenment of their thinking from the bottom—through the schools. There only can we reach the Japanese mind in its formative stages.

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REFLECTIONS ON RETURNING HOME

PART III

by BYRON BUCKERIDGE

HOW would a single Nazi or Jap bomb have changed my hometown?

Fewer women would spend the majority of their conscious hours talking about the shortage of nylon hose and sugar.

Fewer business men would spend the majority of their conscious hours cussing the government.

More citizens would be asking, "What can I do to help?"

Christianity would be practiced as set forth in the New Testament, at least until the smoke settles.

The editorial policy of the local newspapers would have executed a prompt about-face.

A "Civilian Bill of Rights" far more extensive than the "G.I. Bill of Rights" would have been introduced by the local Congressman.

Thousands, instead of a few hundred, citizens would have volunteered to help in the clothing drive for European people.

Citizens would have demanded a new war-bond series—on a non-interest-bearing basis.

Churches would even today be packed tighter than night clubs.

Black-market activity would have done a nosedive.

More citizens would have listened—and acted—after President Truman's fireside chat.

Blood donations to the Red Cross would have skyrocketed.

More sweethearts and wives would have been faithful to their men overseas.

More men overseas would have been faithful to their sweethearts and wives at home.

Divorce rates might even have slumped.

Citizens would be demanding that the loan to Britain be rushed through Congress in record-breaking time.

Also a loan to the Soviet Union.

Also loans to other war-impoverished people.

Fewer citizens would have read *Forever Amber* and more citizens would have read the United Nations Charter in the air-raid shelters.

More citizens would understand why the British people voted the Labor Party into power.

The Santa Pals and Goodfellows would be working the year-round, not just on Christmas morning.

Property near military targets would be sold cheaply to veterans or civilians.

Thousands, instead of a few hundred, citizens would be offering their spare rooms to veterans.

Citizens would be thinking more about a world federation than about a 1946 automobile.

The poll-tax law might even have become a war casualty, depending on which side of the tracks the bomb exploded.

Jim Crow restrictions would have been abolished, at least until the enemy planes were out of sight.

Filibustering Senators would be receiving more fan mail than Frank Sinatra.

Lumber that went into hundreds of new liquor stores might even have gone into new bungalows.

Civilians and veterans would be talking on much more intimate terms.

What if two bombs had been dropped on my home town?

Remember 1776 and 1789?

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NEW JERSEY MEETS THE WORLD

by E. D. MELLINGER

Here's the story of how the people of New Jersey met the challenge of "belonging" in a united world. It was a "Jovian assignment" but success in New Jersey is setting a pattern for similar projects elsewhere.

NO mere commuter on the Pennsylvania main line from New York to Philadelphia can hope to know New Jersey. New Jersey is a place, not a passage, an eight-thousand-square-mile island sunk in deep water between the Delaware and the Atlantic, an agglutination of twenty-one counties stuck together with theory and taxes.

To assume the somewhat Jovian assignment of acquainting New Jersey with matters global, one must first acquaint himself with New Jersey. He must leave the main line and learn the land—from the factories of Hoboken to the sands of Cape May, from the haze of Kittatinny to the lagoons of the Mullica. And he must meet the people—four million of them, of every creed, culture and condition.

On a sunny summer afternoon in 1945 three men who knew New Jersey met at Rutgers University in New Brunswick to plan a state-wide program in international education. They were John Macdonell, Radio Officer of the UNIO—United Nations Information Office—in New York; Robert B. Macdougall, Educational Activities Director of Station WAAT in Newark; and Wallace S. Moreland, Assistant to the President of Rutgers University. The three had no illusions as to the difficulty of their task. It would be no lark to arouse the machinists of Weehawken to the feeding of France, the farmers of Hunterdon to the unity of China. There was no common denominator with which to work, no apparent community of interests.

Yet, on a smaller scale, it had worked before. In the year just ended UNIO had helped create and develop United Nations projects in Worcester, Massachusetts; Louisville, Kentucky; and Chicago. Each had scored a stirring success. True, none had attempted to operate beyond its own tight municipal boundaries, each had the advantage of appealing to a homogeneous, closely-knit urban population. But now was no time for doubts and hesitation. UNO was a living fact, its failure would be fatal, its triumph required the widest possible public support. Success in New Jersey might well open a new era in international understanding. The events called for action and imagination.

The first step was to convince Rutgers' President Robert C. Clothier and WAAT President Irving Rosenhaus of the merits of the plan. This done, Macdonell sought and won the support of UNIO's member offices. The three organizations thus mutually pledged their all-out efforts to promote a state-wide educational project—the first of its kind in history—to begin in October, 1945, and run for a minimum period of four months. It was agreed that Rutgers would furnish and finance the central staff, WAAT would guarantee air time for special events, and UNIO would cooperate in securing speakers, films and exhibits from its member United Nations offices. But what to call their program? After a month of choosing and rejecting, polling each other by mail, they settled on "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors."

Charles H. Stevens, coordinator

The next step was to find an administrator who could harness their inspiration to action. He appeared in the person of Dr. Charles H. Stevens, a dynamic young professor of Romance Languages who had just returned to the University after three years of service at the U. S. Embassy in Mexico City. President Clothier promptly appointed him Coordinator of the project, provided him with an assistant and a

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public relations officer, and drew up a working budget supplied from University funds. The experiment was a going concern.

Dr. Stevens' first task was to define the purposes of the undertaking. He would not, he announced, attempt to browbeat anyone into parroting allegiance to an empty code of global morals. Instead, he set his sights toward arousing throughout the state a hungry curiosity in the peoples, principles and problems of the United Nations, and in helping New Jersey's citizens satisfy that curiosity through their own efforts. He had no formulas, catechisms or planetary Golden Rules. On his first day he started work with his own conviction and his friends' blessings. That morning he wrote:

"The success of this project will be determined by its impact upon the thinking of New Jersey as evidenced in the formulation of more enlightened opinions regarding the position of the United States in world affairs. Fundamentally, the purpose of the project is to explain to the citizens of the State the desirability and the necessity of cooperation with other nations for an enduring peace.

"The world, as it approaches the age of atomic energy, has come to know the necessity for clear and timely thought. The next four months will initiate a period when an enlightened public opinion can influence the course of history for generations to come."

Everybody helps on project

In the weeks that followed Dr. Stevens traveled and telephoned throughout the state, enlisting the support of every available organization—civic groups, schools, churches, granges, manufacturers, labor unions, women's clubs. In every case they subscribed wholeheartedly, agreeing to keep their members advised of the Project's work and, in some instances, volunteering to recast their own social and educational programs in order to cooperate to the fullest possible extent. Promises of full news coverage and editorial support rolled in from the state's radio stations and newspapers. In Trenton Governor Walter E. Edge issued a statement to the press lauding the venture and offering the aid of his administration. From Washington the State and Agriculture Departments, the Pan-American Union, UNRRA and FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization) sent assurances of assistance. Official approval was climaxed with the arrival of a note from President Truman praising the purposes of "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors."

On the night of October 26 the Project was officially launched with a banquet sponsored by the New Jersey Education Association in the Rutgers gymnasium. Eight hundred handpicked leaders of business, labor and the professions gathered from every county to hear addresses by Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, Netherlands Ambassador Alexander Loudon, Governor Edge and U. S. Senator H. Alexander Smith. The Braden address – his first since returning as Ambassador to Argentina—was broadcast by the American Broadcasting Company network and four independent New Jersey stations. Prior to the dinner the guests attended a campus preview of the United Nations exhibit of paintings, posters, books and rare objects representing a score of foreign cultures, officially opened to the public by Mme. Loudon.

Following the dinner Dr. Stevens distributed a four-page brochure outlining the Project and suggesting that interested groups refer to his office for help in obtaining speakers and exhibit material. The next day his telephone rang incessantly as requests poured in for information, advice and help. He and Miss Daggett, his assistant, were swamped with requests for generals and ambassadors, authors and artists, to address meetings of every description in every corner of the state. With the aid of John Macdonell at the United Nations Information Office and through his own contacts with private and governmental agencies Dr. Stevens set about to fill the demand. And he did. Mme. Henri Bonnet, wife of the French Ambassador, spoke in New Brunswick. Sir John Boyd Orr, Director-General of the Food and Agriculture Organization, appeared in Trenton. Dr. Oscar Lange, newly-appointed Ambassador from Poland, addressed representatives of fifty North New Jersey groups in Orange. Within the month forty-three speakers from a dozen countries had taken part in the Project, filling engagements from Newark to New Egypt. By January 1 the number had risen to seventy. Meanwhile, the United Nations exhibit had left the Rutgers campus and gone on tour, first to Atlantic City, then to other sections of the state, in response to requests from clubs, libraries and museums.

Simultaneously, "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors" took to the air, as the Rutgers University Forum, broadcast each Monday evening by WAAT, discussed the trouble zones of the world with such guest speakers as Krishnalal Shridharani, Norman Thomas, Francisco Villagran, Jagadish Natarajan, Allen Haden, Hans Heyman, Clark

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Eichelberger and P. S. Hsieh. The "Kresge Magazine of the Air," also over WAAT, as well as the "League of Women Voters Forum" and "Your Trenton Shopper," both over WTTM, Trenton, likewise regularly scheduled Project personalities. On broadcasts beamed to Europe and Asia, President Clothier and an undergraduate student discussed the undertaking, while from Atlantic City, over the CBS "People's Platform," Lyman Bryson and his guests discussed "How Can Education Meet the Problems of the Atomic Age?" From the New Jersey School of Agriculture, a division of Rutgers, broadcasts were presented on "New Jersey Children Meet Their World Neighbors."

Pamphlets are used

Meanwhile, a second brochure was prepared by Gregory Hewlett, Director of Public Relations for the University, to further clarify the Project's ends and means. It urged, in ten thousand copies, that small groups collaborate in establishing their own programs in order to assure greater participation in each event. Larger gatherings became popular, with New Brunswick, Plainfield, Morristown, Frenchtown, Lodi and Westfield proclaiming special "World Neighbor" days. At the New Brunswick celebration – typical of those that followed – five United Nations speakers addressed assemblies at all the schools, Mexican Minister Rafael de Colina spoke to the combined service clubs at noon, Mme. Jan Papanek of Czechoslovakia was the guest of the women's groups in the afternoon, and Ambassador Hussein Ala of Iran addressed a mass meeting—and the radio audience—at night.

Outstanding success

As more and more meetings are held throughout the state, the number of special broadcasts increases, and the harvest of press clippings multiplies, what morals can be drawn from this first attempt at state-wide international education? First, by all measurable standards, the experiment has succeeded. The prime test was whether the stimulus applied would prove self-generating. On the basis of past and current developments within the Project, it can be fairly assumed that "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors" will not entirely end with the eventual closing of the Coordinator's office. If the experiment is but a candle in the dark, certainly it is a good, long, waxy one.

Second, as was anticipated, the decentralization inherent in the New Jersey program has proved its greatest single obstacle. It is difficult, even embarrassing, to importune a speaker to spend the better part of a day in traveling to and from a single engagement. Again, in order to obtain blanket coverage for special events or news announcements, it is necessary to rely on newspapers and radio stations scattered for a distance of 160 miles through the state, rather than upon two or three centrally located in a single city. The hours and cost involved in shipping exhibit materials provide an added problem.

Third, showmanship is still the key to public response. Arrays of titles and degrees serve to impress the audience rather than attract, and in planning and publicizing programs there is the ever-present danger of becoming hypnotized by an interminable succession of honorary doctorates and chivalric abbreviations. Perhaps there is no final cure for this, as the best speakers frequently are the most annointed, but unless color and sparkle grace the occasion, one's hopeful program for the world is like to die a-borning.

And the future? To date, "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors" has presented four ambassadors, nine ministers plenipotentiary, a dozen directors or deputies of Federal and UNO agencies, and more than two hundred other outstanding figures in foreign affairs. They have appeared before audiences ranging from fifteen to thirty-six hundred—more than fifty thousand New Jerseyites all told. Because of the enthusiasm for the Project reflected in these figures, the State Department has requested a full report on its operations as a guide to future educational programs in other states. Meanwhile, the originally-planned four-month limit has been moved back until the close of the current school year, and it may well be that public response will not permit it to end then. But at whatever time the office of "New Jersey Meets Her World Neighbors" is finally closed, it will have gone far toward accomplishing its avowed purpose—to awaken the people of New Jersey to their role as members of the United Nations.

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THE VETO IN UNO

Most observers of international affairs and of the fate of the United Nations Organization have their doubts about the wisdom of the veto power. It is seen by some as a new form of the unanimity rule which proved so weakening to the old League of Nations. Others see it frankly as putting a premium on anarchy on the part of the Big Five who can under certain circumstances exercise that veto. And yet—when can it be eliminated? Would Russia, would the United States Senate, agree to participate in the UNO without the assurance of the veto? Have we yet outgrown our fears of our world neighbors sufficiently to trust to a democratic majority solution of differences in the Security Council—as we are willing to accept in other UNO bodies?

In accordance with a long standing practice of presenting discussions by leading authorities on controversial topics of international importance, we present a condensed forum on the veto in the UNO. The participants were Clark M. Eichelberger, director of the American Association for the United Nations, Emily Hickman, professor of History, New Jersey College for Women, Merle Miller, former editor of YANK, and Allen Haden, managing editor of FREE WORLD *magazine. Mr. Edward D. Mellinger was chairman.*

The forum was sponsored by Rutgers University and broadcast over Station WAAT, Newark, N. J.

MR. EICHELBERGER: In the first place, I think we ought to put the veto power in its proper setting as part of the background for this discussion. I would like to point out that the veto applies only in the Security Council of the United Nations. The veto does not apply in the General Assembly where decisions are taken by a two-thirds vote or a simple majority. I believe the Russians tried to establish the precedent at London that the five great powers would agree upon a decision before a vote in the General Assembly was taken. They were voted down on that, and the veto in the General Assembly was killed. The veto does not apply in the Economic and Social Council, or Trusteeship Council, or in any other body of the United Nations.

MR. HADEN: But look here, the whole purpose of the veto is to apply it in political decisions taken by the Security Council. A political decision is a decision of principle which can completely vitiate any question or decision or fact in any one of the technical bodies.

MR. EICHELBERGER: No, your Economic and Social Council isn't simply a technical body, neither is the Assembly a technical body. The Assembly and the Economic and Social Council have wide scope and wide influence, so you are limiting it.

MR. HADEN: No, indeed. Really the important thing is that any decision taken by the Social and Economic Council, or the Food and Agricultural Organization, or the I.L.O. could, if it were to conflict with any political principles adopted in the Security Council, be overridden by the veto.

MR. EICHELBERGER: Oh, no, not unless an issue were brought before the Security Council which would mean that there was a dispute, in which case under certain circumstances the veto would prevail.

MISS HICKMAN: The veto comes in in all cases in which you have a decision to be made by the Security Council, except for two matters. In the first place, there is an additional statement adopted at San Francisco which provides that no one can veto the holding of a discussion on any matter which is reported to the Security Council. That discussion has to take place. It did take place in connection with Iran and its complaint against Russia.

MR. MILLER: Don't you think, Miss Hickman, that almost anything can be a threat to world security, and almost anything can be a possible means of war, can it not? For example, Russia said that British troops in Greece were going to cause a war. Maybe, therefore, they should be investigated.

MISS HICKMAN: All right, if anything is a threat to peace, then anything can be discussed before the Security Council.

MR. MILLER: That is the point. Anything can be discussed.

MR. EICHELBERGER: They may go further than that, because if a great power is a party to the dispute, they cannot invoke the

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veto to prevent the case from being discussed.

MISS HICKMAN: The veto is put in the negative form; that is, the decision which has to be by the five great powers forms in a sense a veto. If they do not agree, then you have the veto. It applies when the Security Council is discussing peaceful methods of settling the dispute. If one of the great powers is one of the parties concerned, then that power may not vote.

MR. HADEN: Let's go back to how the veto has been used. After all, we have just had an Assembly in London, and the demonstration of the Security Council's behavior, and the flippant and I would say even frivolous use of the veto power, the threat to use it, and its actual use, both by the British and the Russians, has been extraordinarily discouraging.

MR. EICHELBERGER: I agree, but I don't think the British threatened to use it. I think Bevin was speaking in the vernacular when he said that he "would not stand for" this or that charge. Bevin could not invoke the veto.

MR. MILLER: Whether or not Bevin was going to invoke the veto power, I am not particularly interested. But say Bevin used just a figure of speech more or less, the point is, even if only Russia threatened to use the veto power, what it meant was that we had the Security Council meeting for how long? a month? and it accomplished nothing.

MR. EICHELBERGER: Wait a moment. . . .

MR. HADEN: Mr. Eichelberger, not a single one of the matters that were brought up before the Security Council has actually been settled on its merits. We have an absolutely namby-pamby decision on Iran, and we know the British troops are in Greece, and there still has been no proper and good reason why the British should be in Greece. There is still no explanation why British soldiers should be shooting the Javanese.

MISS HICKMAN: You are talking about how the Security Council acts. Our subject is the veto. The veto is not invoked in any of those cases.

MR. EICHELBERGER: I didn't think the veto had anything to do with the difficulties which the Security Council faced. What happened is that at London, at the very first meeting of the Organization, before constitutional procedure had been set up or rules worked out, several of the most fundamental difficulties involving the nations who wrote the charter were brought up. They didn't find any fundamental solution for the difficulties. But most of the people who attended the London Conference believe that the Organization came out stronger because of the fact that there was this very vigorous debate between Vishinsky, Bevin, and the others, and the whole difficulties of the world were exposed to the world through the debate in the Security Council.

In other words, whether you have the veto or not, you couldn't have expected the Organization in the first months of its existence to have met successfully these very fundamental problems.

MR. MILLER: Oh, not could, but would. It seems to me that we ought to make clearer —to my own thinking for one thing—whether or not the veto power should be kept or put away?

MR. EICHELBERGER: I can't imagine anybody saying that they like the veto.

MR. MILLER: Then why not get rid of it, Mr. Eichelberger?

MR. EICHELBERGER: I am coming to that. I want to make it very clear. I have been on record many times as being opposed to the veto and suggested very radical solutions at San Francisco to get rid of the veto formula altogether. I am in favor of getting rid of it as soon as possible. But I do not believe that a constitutional convention now to get rid of the veto would succeed. I am in favor in the first place of circumventing the veto in every possible way, and in the second place of amending the Charter, when you *can* amend the Charter—

MR. HADEN: You say that we can't get rid of it. The point that we feel here is precisely that we should take up the question of the veto, and that—

MR. EICHELBERGER: How are you going to take it up?

MR. HADEN: Take it up at the next September meeting in New York. After all, you can't eliminate it just by wishing it. All the members in this club must vote to amend the by-laws, the rules, the Charter of San Francisco. This thing has to be brought up now or the fundamental weakness of the UNO is going to be—

MR. EICHELBERGER: I think if you brought up the veto now, you would crush the Organization. And even if you could persuade Russia to accept it, the United States would immediately stand up for keeping the veto.

MR. MILLER: What is going to happen in the next five years or ten years, or twenty years?

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Are the United States Senate and Russia going to be in favor of getting rid of it then?

MR. EICHELBERGER: I think they would be in favor of not trying to have a constitutional convention to get rid of the veto. I hope that the Atomic Energy Commission may bring in a plan for inspection which will add to the Organization's enforcement machinery in which the veto will not prevail. Now, realistically, there are two nations that brought the veto into the charter. They are the two nations that are powerful enough to be able to live above the law to that extent. But if Russia should suddenly see that the United States might invoke the veto against inspection, her attitude on the veto might be very different, and conversely that might be the position of the United States. I have hopes that the Atomic Energy Commission may provide a solution of the veto problem, and hope it may be found without a head-on effort to amend the Charter.

MISS HICKMAN: I rather expect that the same circumstances would make the United States drop the veto that would make Russia, and if we can experience together a satisfactory operation of the Security Council and develop confidence in each other instead of the suspicion which we now have, we will come a great deal nearer to dropping the veto than we are at present.

MR. EICHELBERGER: I would like to back that up, Dr. Hickman, and I think we ought to say what are the reasons of the veto. First, there was a perfectly honest desire to have the big powers in unanimity during the reconstruction period.

MR. MILLER: There is always that desire.

MR. EICHELBERGER: Russia being the one Communist State in the Security Council, still has a fear that none of us fully appreciates that she might be outvoted in the Security Council on an ideological basis. I think the United States is very anxious to have the veto preserved, so that if we place our newly acquired bases in the Pacific under trusteeship, we can use the veto to protect the terms of that agreement. Realistically, those are the reasons why Russia and the United States wanted the veto.

MR. MILLER: "Realistically" is a good word. That often covers up a lot. I would like to go back to what you said, Dr. Hickman. You said that if we understand each other, if we only have good will, then the United Nations Organization will work. With that I disagree. Nations never have good will. They never get along together unless they have a basis under law with which to get together. How do they get a basis under law? First of all, I think we must do away immediately with the veto power. Then, I think you can go much further than that, and can begin building a real world government.

MISS HICKMAN: What changes do you think would occur in the nature of the United Nations Organization if you dropped the veto? You would not extend the functions of your United Nations Organization at all. It would only mean that you could apply the sanctioned measures of the Security Council against all powers.

MR. HADEN: Well, just a moment. The indiscriminate use of the veto, and it was threatened and waved about in London in a most indiscriminate fashion, is just what we have to avoid, since it puts a premium on anarchy. The power should go back to the Assembly. I am personally a great believer in the Assembly.

MR. EICHELBERGER: So am I. Let's get on from this point.

MR. MILLER: Let's go back to what Miss Hickman said a little while ago: that if you could do away with the veto power, how do you get world government? Eliminating the veto is a beginning, and you have to begin some place. It is the biggest weakness at this moment. Let's start there.

MISS HICKMAN: Oh, certainly, but you have made your beginning already. You have the United Nations Organization. We would all be glad to see another step taken, but the fact that you cannot at this time is—

MR. HADEN: Miss Hickman, I think that we can at this time. The only question is to bring it forward. We just have to bring it out in the open. Mr. Miller at my side, and Mr. Eichelberger are not afraid of actually bringing this veto out and talking about it right in the open. The point is that more people must be brought to bear more opinions on it, more popular opinions must be brought in on it.

MR. MILLER: I am always a little distressed when people say you can't do things. Why, in 1941 if anybody had gotten up and said that in 1946 we would have a United Nations Organization, and the United States a member of it, most people would have laughed, but we have it, so let's go on to the next step.

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MISS HICKMAN: My impression is that we are all agreed that just as soon as popular opinion will condemn the veto, we will get rid of it.

MR. MILLER: Exactly, let's begin forming popular opinion now.

MR. EICHELBERGER: I believe any effort at the moment to have a constitutional convention would meet with failure. Therefore, I am in favor of making a flank attack. I am in favor of extending the power of the general Assembly over the Security Council. I am in favor of recognizing that there is much to the United Nations Organization besides the Security Council. My guess is that fifty years from now in reviewing the history of the First Assembly, the formation of the Economic and Social Council will have proved to be the most useful. I am in favor of the Atomic Energy Commission trying to make a flank attack on the veto because I think Russia's interests may be so involved that they might be so willing to get rid of it. Then, when the time does come, I will go as far as you will to amend the Charter to get rid of the veto.

MR. MILLER: Well, what frightens me is that nobody may be around to write that history fifty years from now.

MISS HICKMAN: What would you propose?

MR. MILLER: I would propose immediately having a constitutional assembly. I would propose that in the United States leaders of public opinion to get up and say the UNO is nothing more than a club. As a club, we support it, but we must go on. Now, I would not favor saying this can't be done. I wouldn't favor saying that because the League of Nations was a pretty good thing, and the UNO is a pretty good thing.

MR. HADEN: Let's not forget that the League of Nations' technical services were magnificent, and war still came. So the question of analyzing the history of the First Assembly fifty years from now, doesn't interest me, because if the business repeats itself, there won't be anything fifty years from now. I am absolutely with Mr. Miller that we have to bring up the amendment of the Charter in September in New York.

MR. MILLER: In September, the United Nations Organization is going to meet in New York. Since we are a democracy, I think people like us should begin saying now and saying loudly and with all the means available over the radio, and the press, and the newspapers, that we have to do away with the veto power. We have to begin world government; we have to have a world legislature; we have to have a world executive; we have to have world lawyers, etc. We can at least begin to do that now.

MR. MELLINGER (Chairman): Both Mr. Eichelberger and Miss Hickman have just said that there are only two nations in the world who really want the veto power: the United States is one and Russia is the other. If we, in the United States, if our government is governed by public opinion, and it is, I think we can influence that government.

MISS HICKMAN: And then we will still have Russia against us.

MR. EICHELBERGER: That is a very good point to make at the close of the discussion. The point is that if the matter were put on the September agenda, the Russian delegates would not appear. I think it is more important to have Russia in the Organization, even if we have to put up with the veto for a few years more.

MR. MILLER: I agree, but Mr. Vishinsky last week, in a story that was very well hidden in *Time* Magazine, said that we have to give up some sovereignty if the UNO is to work. Each nation must give up some sovereignty to begin world government. That is the important thing. That is the beginning.

A vaincre sans peril on triomphe sans gloire.

Corneille, *Le Cid.*

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MISHKA, OOP!

by SAMUEL GASPAR

No Yankee horse-trader would have ever been taken in as was the purchaser of Mishka but all this happened many years ago in the Caucasus where—as everywhere—a horse trade is a horse trade and little boys are boys.

WHEN the March Revolution overthrew the Tsar in far-off Petrograd, its reverberations were slow to reach the Caucasus. In our town, which had been converted into a supply base for the Turkish front, with a number of hastily constructed barracks sprawling in the cherry orchards along the river, life went on as though nothing spectacular had happened. By July or August, however, homesickness, like a virulent disease, had reached the barracks. The army leaders tried vainly to establish some sort of discipline among the indifferent, thoroughly demoralized soldiers who were hurrying to the railroad station, homeward bound.

The men in the infantry took what scant possessions they had and made for the trains; but the soldiers in the supply department, particularly the drivers of the huge wagons, found themselves in an awkward predicament. They couldn't very well take the horses with them; on the other hand, they hated to leave them behind. The more resourceful soldiers drove the horses to the market place and sold them to the townspeople. Within a short time a number of families in our neighborhood became the possessors of powerful transport horses.

One morning at breakfast my mother suggested that since everybody in town was buying a horse, we should get one, too. "Times are uncertain," she added solemnly, looking at my father. "The soldiers are leaving, and we're close to the Turkish front. We need a horse in case of emergency. And if God grant, and we're left unharmed, let him ride the horse." She pointed at me. "Let him enjoy himself."

My father, who was conservative and rarely followed a new trend unless he were thoroughly convinced of its logic, shook his head.

"But the soldiers are leaving by hundreds every day," my mother insisted, clearly alarmed by this spontaneous homesickness. "The barracks are getting empty. And suppose the Turks advance. Who's going to defend us Armenians? No, we need a horse . . ."

"And where are you going to keep it?" my father asked, beginning, no doubt, to see my mother's point. "We have no stable."

"We'll tie him to a post in the wood shed," she explained. "There's enough room for a horse."

THE following day my father and I went to the market place. We must have gotten there in the dull part of the morning, for there was only one horse for sale—an enormous animal with a hide black as ebony. Its owner, a young soldier, was smoking a cigarette idly. When he saw us approaching, he tilted his cap, and an expectant, rather roguish grin came over his face.

"What a horse I have!" he said, shaking his head with admiration. "Mishka used to be a circus horse, belonging to Prince Tombalov of Ryazan. How the prince hated to part with him! How he cried, the broken-hearted prince! Mishka is clever as a fox, agile as a gazelle . . ."

My father studied Mishka silently. He was a big, well-fed horse, but my father was apparently skeptical as to the ability of a clumsy looking animal like Mishka performing such miraculous feats. The soldier, evidently noticing the dubious expression on my father's face, said :

"You don't believe me, eh? All right, watch this!"

He climbed on Mishka's bare back and raced him around the market place. Clearly the horse, in spite of his size, was spirited; furthermore, he had the smooth gait of a riding horse. Now and then the soldier said, "Mishka, oop!" and the horse would leap as though he were hurdling an obstacle in a steeplechase. Both my father and I were amazed at Mishka's agility.

The soldier dismounted. There was a triumphant smile on his face. "You saw it with your own eyes," he said. "You aren't buying a horse, you're buying an angel. Akh, if only I could take Mishka with me! But the devil take those trains, they're too crowded."

"How much?" my father asked.

"A horse like Mishka is priceless. He has a sharp mind; he's strong enough to pull a house. He's worth thousands of rubles. But I'm in a

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hurry to get home. One hundred rubles and he's yours. The price of water."

"I can't afford it." My father shook his head and started to walk away.

"Hey, citizen, you aren't buying a donkey," the soldier shouted. "You're buying a horse, proud as a lion. Come back. Let's talk this over. Eh, how much do you want to offer? Out with it."

"Fifty rubles."

The soldier narrowed his blue eyes indignantly. "Don't you believe in God? Don't you ever take sacred communion?" he roared. "Enough! enough! I'm not selling you a carcass. Citizen, talk sense."

"Fifty rubles." My father was adamant.

The soldier spat with disgust, and for a moment he stood there looking outraged. Slowly his anger ebbed and his face softened into a smile. "All right," he consented finally, "give me the money and stop pulling my soul." Then caressing the horse's black, silky mane, he said affectionately, "Good-by, Mishka! Good-by, my darling. I shall never see you again . . . All right, he's yours. Take him away," he told my father. "Hurry up before I break down and cry," he added mournfully.

THAT afternoon I asked my father's permission to ride Mishka to the river, ostensibly to give him a bath. Remembering the soldier's magic words which had made Mishka jump, I was curious to find out whether he would obey me as readily as he had his former master. I was passing the town square when my two cousins, who were around my age—ten and eleven—seeing me on Mishka, hailed me excitedly and begged me to take them along. I let them climb up behind me on Mishka's broad, bare back. Our legs hugging Mishka's soft belly, we rode slowly out of town.

Once on the deserted road leading to the river, I became impatient. I was anxious to know how the horse would react to my command. A little apprehensive lest the horse ignore my order, leaving me, thereby, in an embarrassing position in the presence of my cousins, without the least warning I shouted, "Mishka, oop!"

Instantly, the horse gave a tremendous leap, as if he were jumping over a stream. Though it happened suddenly and we were shaken with fright, none of us was thrown. Laughing hilariously, we made Mishka repeat this unique and truly extraordinary feat several times before we reached the river.

The river forked into half a dozen branches, all flowing indolently to be united in one roaring torrent further down. We made Mishka jump back and forth over these brooks until the poor beast was frothing at the mouth. So well trained was he that no matter who shouted "Mishka, oop!" the horse obeyed.

Tired, our buttocks bruised, we climbed down. We gave Mishka an elaborate bath, then rode back to town, circuitously, in order to prolong the trip.

IT was in the orchards that I noticed something odd about Mishka. To my consternation, he walked headlong into trees, and unless I was alert and pulled on the reins, he would walk as unconcernedly into a ditch of water as though he were on a flat road. This both puzzled and irritated me; but the joy of owning a horse far surpassed the annoyance I was experiencing. I didn't mention any of this to my father, hoping that he would discover nothing unusual in Mishka's behavior.

My hopes, however, were shattered, for the following Sunday when we were picnicking in a mulberry orchard, my father noticed that while Mishka was grazing, he frequently bumped his head against a tree and shied away, only to repeat the same stupid mistake a moment later. He watched Mishka for a long time. Then frowning, he approached the horse and began examining his eyes. Frantically he waved his hand before Mishka's face. Mishka's eyes did not blink.

"That cheat!" my father shouted. "May he never reach his family safely. May cholera strike him on the way . . ."

My mother, who was putting charcoal in the samovar, looked at my father inquiringly.

"Woman, the horse is blind. That soldier! He sold me a blind horse—the snake!"

"A blind horse?"

"Yes, a blind horse! And it's all your fault. You kept on chattering like a magpie. 'Buy a horse! Buy a horse!' Bah, why did I ever listen to a woman!"

"True God, he's blaming it on me!"

"What are we going to do with him?" I asked in genuine alarm for it was fun saying, "Mishka, oop!" and having him leap like a grasshopper.

"Sell him, what else?" my father replied. "We may not even get five rubles. That soldier, that *bossiak!*"

My father was so furious that I didn't dare protest. I just sat there watching Mishka graze peacefully, watching the sunrays and shadows on his smooth flanks, knowing that soon he would be sold, perhaps for his hide, and I'd never see him again.

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MARC CHAGALL
PAINTER OF LOVE

by ALFRED WERNER

Marc Chagall and his family in New York are now living in their "third Vitebsk," the first having been his birthplace, and his second Paris, where he spent the years of his maturing art. Today, Chagall's canvases hang in many American galleries. New York is having two exhibitions of Chagall this Spring, first at the Pierre Matisse Galleries and in April at the Museum of Modern Art.

AMERICAN art-lovers have learned to appreciate the Marc Chagall pictures that formerly had been considered crazy; his topsy-turvy villages, flying cows, human figures with heads of birds on sleighs traveling in mid-air. Apparently the controversy as to whether he is a Saint George who has slain the dragon of unimaginative realism, or a cold-blooded faker who through contempt for traditional anatomy, perspective and logic, has attempted to become conspicuous, has long ago been decided in his favor.

Chagall was in a sad mood when I visited him at his studio recently. He has not yet recovered from the recent loss of his wife. Bella had been his companion in the years of struggle, but had lived long enough to witness his international fame. Herself a sensitive writer, she had translated her husband's autobiography from Russian into French, and had just completed a volume of her own prose before her death. Chagall once confessed that he could not have produced a single picture without the inspiration he received from her; time and again he painted Bella and himself flying through the sky, and one of his latest canvases, on which he worked for nearly a decade, completing it in 1944, is dedicated *A ma femme.*

WHEN he talked of her, I had the impression that she was still somewhere around, as though, any moment, she might walk into his studio and place her hand on his forehead. Similarly, no power on earth, not even Nazi Stuka bombers could destroy the image of Vitebsk, the city where Chagall was born in 1887.

Critical observers may not consider the milieu from which he stemmed particularly favorable to the development of his art. His father was a primitive grocer and his mother who had given birth to eight children was "a lake of suffering with prematurely gray hair—a well of tears, a soul barely alive, and a brain which no longer functions." Vitebsk was dirty and drab, like most small cities in Tsarist Russia. Yet, because he had the eye of an artist, Vitebsk could serve as a source of inspiration for the rest of Chagall's life. "Here were church, fences, store, synagogue . . . as simple, monosyllabic, eternal as the structures in the frescoes of Giotto." The alert Jewish boy watched the procession of merchants, peddlers, beggars, children going to the *heder* (Jewish religious school), old men strolling to the *schul* (synagogue), women coming from the market: "I painted them because I loved them," he declared many years later.

As a boy soprano, Chagall wanted at first to become a singer; then a violinist, thereafter a dancer, until he finally decided to become a painter. It will always remain a puzzle to the world what motive induced him, and other artists of the ghetto, to take up pencil and brush in an atmosphere hostile to the plastic arts owing to too rigid an interpretation of the second Commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image." Orthodox Jewry frowned on painters and sculptors!

When, one day, Marc approached his mother, as she was placing the bread in the oven, and informed her that he wanted to be a painter, she called him crazy and told him not to bother her. His uncle, a pious Jew, was afraid to extend his hand to the "sinner." At first his parents thought they could conciliate the boy by apprenticing him to a photographer. But art had become an obsession with him, and after obtaining some elementary education at the local art school, he ran away to St. Petersburg, with twenty-seven rubles thrown at him by his enraged father.

JEWS were not welcomed in the capital of Tsarist Russia and the young man lived the life of an outcast, sleeping on the floor in a corner of a room shared with others. Once, in his greatest misery, he had a dream:

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"Suddenly the ceiling opens and a winged being noisily descends, filling the room with movement and clouds.

"A rustling of trailing wings.

"I think I see an angel! I cannot open my eyes; it is too bright, too luminous.

"After searching throughout the room, it rises and passes through the opening in the ceiling, carrying with it the light and the blue glow.

"Again it is dark; I awaken.

"My painting *The Apparition* reflects this dream."

The young visionary got little formal education in St. Petersburg, neither at the rather backward Academy of Art nor as pupil of the superficial Leon Bakst: "I can grasp things only by my instinct. Scholastic theory has no hold whatever on me."

He was greatly influenced, however, by an exhibition of modern French painters: Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Matisse, Rouault, Braque and Derain. After having been under the spell of Gauguin and Van Gogh for a short while, he created his own style at the age of twenty by discovering himself.

In 1910, at the age of twenty-three, he went to Paris, the gay, tolerant Mecca of modern art. The nostalgic Russian youth was so intimidated by the gigantic city that he almost returned to Vitebsk, had not the Louvre Museum with its masterworks of classic art cast a spell over him. His unusual talent was soon discovered and hailed by such pioneers of modernity as Guilleme Apollinaire and Blaise Cendrars, whereas the lesser spirits were amused or infuriated by what they considered sheer eccentricity. Chagall did not join any of the prevalent schools like Symbolism and Synthetism, Fauvism and Neo-Impressionism, Cubism and Dadaism, although he was claimed by some of them. People who are fond of classifications may perhaps consider Chagall an expressionist, if the word is applied in its broadest sense so as to describe the work of any modern artist who "rejects the imitation of the outer world of reality for the expression of an inner world of feeling and imagination." But Chagall has been claimed with particular emphasis by the Surrealist. The Surrealist movement in literature and art was founded in Paris in 1924 by the poet André Breton who defined it as "pure phychic automatism . . . thought's dictation, in the absence of all control exercised by the reason and outside all esthetic or moral preoccupation . . . surrealism rests on the belief in the omnipotence of the dream."

THE truth of the matter is, however, that Chagall is neither an Expressionist nor a forerunner of Surrealism. The artist who, for instance, depicted his native city in the major part of his pictorial work can hardly be said to "reject the imitation of the outer world of reality." On the other hand, he denies the usefulness of setting up a *deus ex machina,* called "automatism" as the Surrealists do. Fantastic or illogical as the construction of my pictures may seem, I would be alarmed to think that I had conceived them through an admixture of automatism," he once remarked. "Even if by automatism one has succeeded in composing some good pictures or in writing some good poems, that does not justify us in setting it up as a method. . . . I am afraid that as a conscious method, automatism engenders automatism." Maybe Chagall somewhat underestimated the power of the subconscious mind on the artist when he confessed, with naive satisfaction, that he had slept well without Freud.

At one period of his life it turned out to be rather troublesome for him not to know anything about Marx "except that he was a Jew and had a long white beard." Having returned to Russia at the start of the first World War, he was made commissar director of his own art school at Vitebsk after the revolution. He taught the good townsfolks to paint men and women and cows flying across the sky instead of portraits of Marx and Lenin. He was dismissed by disappointed officials, and went to Moscow where he painted every wall and stage setting of the Jewish State Theater. Apparently, he did not get along well in this early period of the Soviet experiment, so he, his wife and their five-year-old daughter returned to Paris, their future home. "Neither Imperial Russia nor the Russia of the Soviets needs me," he complained at the end of his autobiography, finished in Moscow in 1922. "I am incomprehensive, strange to them. I am certain that Rembrandt loves me."

Chagall was strongly influenced by his native town and by his religious background; by Paris ("whose air, whose men, and whose nature have been the true school of my life") where he exchanged his hitherto subdued blacks, browns, and grays for rich strong reds, greens and blues, making him one of the strongest colorists of the era. But beyond that, he is as international as any good modern artist must be. "I am at home and I will live wherever I can work," he said to me, paraphrasing Cicero's *Ubi bene, ibi patria.* The fine work he

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has done in America in the past five years proves that he is happy here. His type of work is not exclusively an expression of the 20th-century spirit. One can find canvases related to his work in Byzantine art, Gothic art, early Renaissance art; among masters like Gruenewald, Hieronymus Bosch and Breughel. Furthermore, it is not merely the privilege of a few sophisticated ones to "understand" his work: it is within the grasp of the simple-minded, the ignorant, and children—of all who can understand that a man can fly without an airplane, of all who can enjoy Charlie Chaplin's movies or a circus. Chagall's world will be closed permanently only to those who stubbornly insist that two and two make only four: "Pedestrians, keep off!"

It would be more appropriate to call Chagall the painter of love than the painter of dreams —for hasn't every true artist dreams? He loves the men and scenery of his native country *despite the blows and pogroms he witnessed* there, and he thinks highly of the progress Russia has made in the past thirty years; he loves flowers, he loves animals. There is sadness in his paintings—but not the agony of unlimited despair. There is always a metaphysical hope deeper than the platitude about the cloud and the silver lining. If he paints a beggar in snow, he puts a fiddle in his handss, and if he sets a mournful rabbi on the canvas, he adds to this symbol of sorrow an innocent white cow, a symbol of the peace of the Universe. I hope Monsieur Chagall will not object to the term "symbol," although he always categorically insists that he is merely interested in form, that his work does not tell anecdotes, nor convey symbols. He assured me, however, that he does not object if the onlookers see symbols in his paintings—they may interpret them as they wish. Hence, he will not mind if some people find it significant that he portrayed one of the persons taking Christ from the Cross (*The Descent from the Cross*) with the head of a rooster: even the simple animals, he seems to exclaim, love the Prince of Peace!

I ASKED Chagall about the fate of his pictures in Germany.

"My trouble started in Germany more than three decades ago. I had my first one-man show in Berlin shortly before the outbreak of the first World War. I was in Russia when hostilities began, but my works—over one hundred items—had been confiscated in Berlin to be sold as alien property. Naturally, I did not receive a cent. When I returned to Germany, my lawsuit against the exhibitors was practically a failure—all I got back was three paintings. When the Nazis had come to power, my work loomed conspicuously in their exhibition of what they termed Degenerate Art. However, when, in the mid-thirties, representatives of the Kunsthalle at Basle, Switzerland, asked the Germans to lend them some of my paintings, the Nazis were willing to oblige, provided each item carried a caption to this effect: 'This specimen of degenerate art for which the poor misled German people has to pay 10,000 marks is not even worth 10 marks." Naturally, the Swiss laughed at this nonsense. The Nazis, despite their hypocritical denunciation of my work, did not fail to sell it to neutral Switzerland; one of the defendants at the Nuremberg trials incorporated some of my paintings in his own private collection."

"Did you feel that you were being well received in America after your tribulations abroad, Monsieur Chagall?"

"You may judge for yourself—I had several exhibitions here, and the work I did for the Metropolitan Opera (he designed scenery and costumes for the ballets *Aleko* and *The Firebird*) received favorable comment. America, you know, is a young, strong country. There is much power here, and, above all, *beaucoup de liberté*. The artist in America has a great opportunity, if he grasps the spirit, the atmosphere of the country." But he refused to comment on the future beyond a cryptic: *"Attendons!"* (Let's wait and see.)

As an artist, he is very conscientious and rarely satisfied with his own work. He told me that he bought up some of his old canvases in order to improve them; he finally destroyed one upon which he had worked for twenty-five years because it no longer satisfied him.

"Plan? I did not make any. But I should like to have a chance of making very large paintings, covering entire walls, for instance, for universities, libraries, public buildings where I could stress the topics that I prefer —religion, social problems, love."

Through the large windows of his studio the glorious sunset painted the Hudson river and the opposite shore with colors which must be an inspiration to the artist. In his soft, melodious voice Chagall said:

"The artist must penetrate into the world, feel the fate of human beings, of peoples, with real love. There is no *art for art's sake*. One must be interested in the entire realm of life. One must be, above all, a human being."

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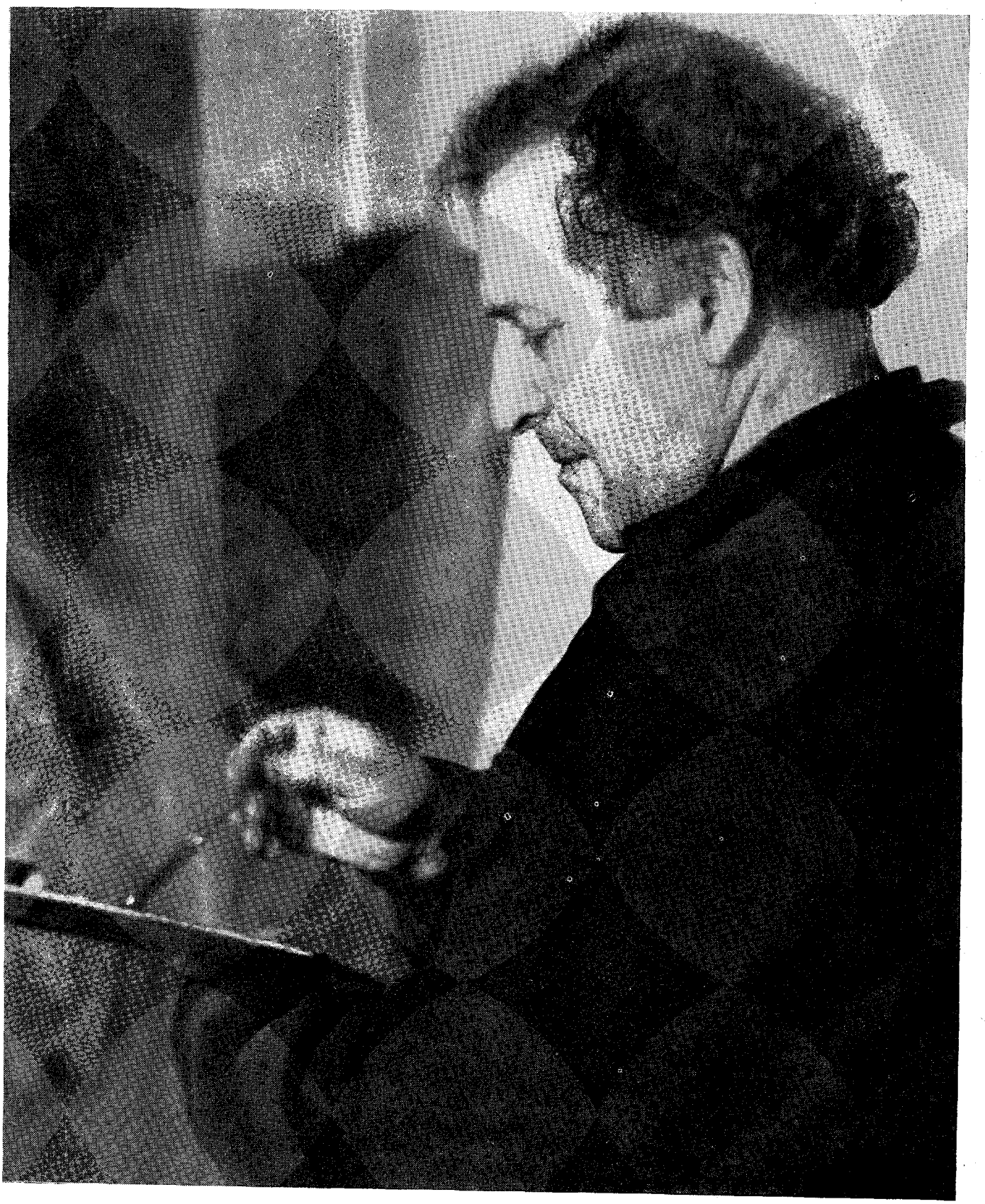
MARC CHAGALL - *painter of love*



Marc Chagall at work

Photo. *Lotte Jacoby*

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Marc Chagall's "Concert Bleu."

Pierre Matisse Galleries

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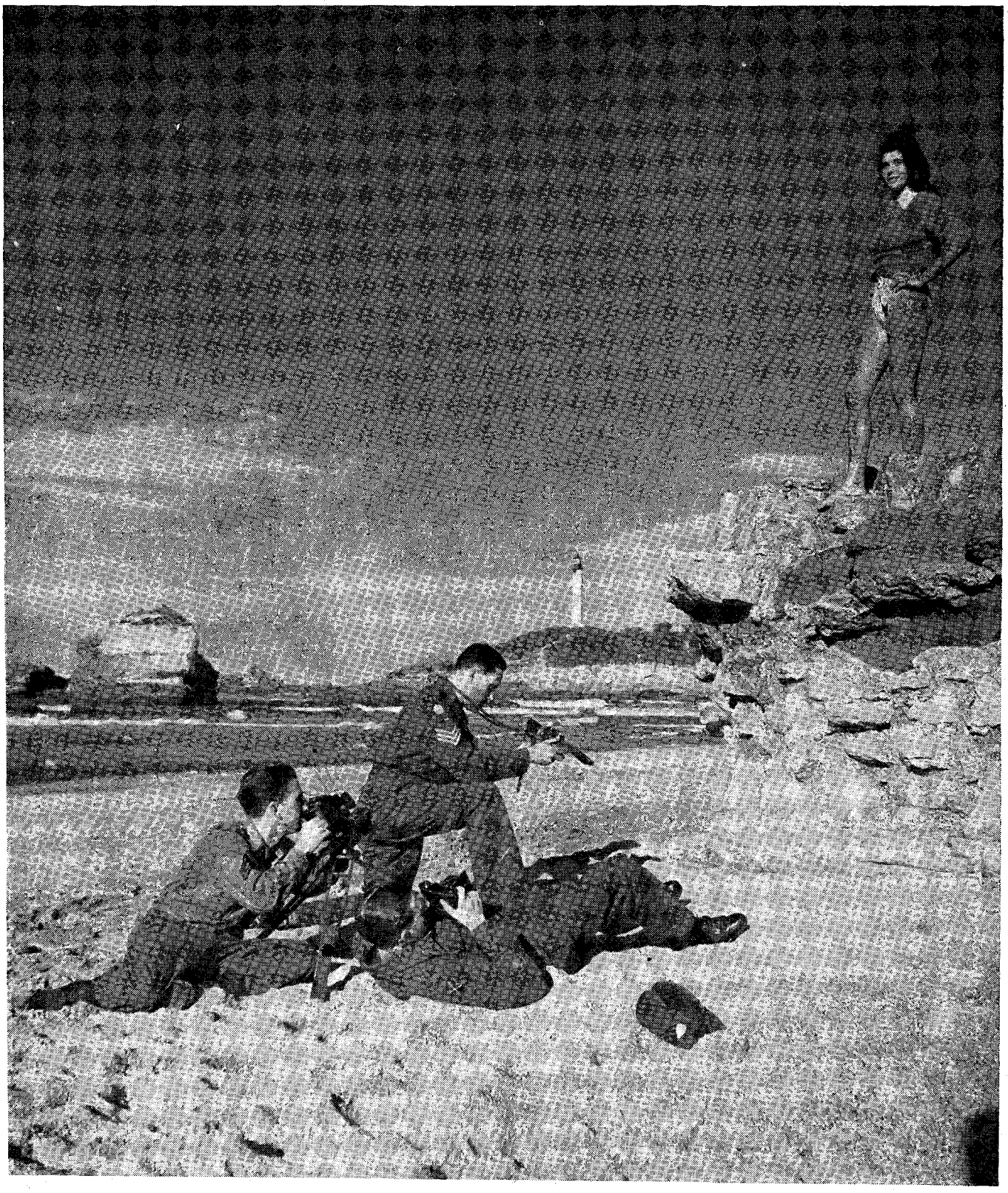
BRITISH-AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

in Biarritz · France



Biarritz American University has drawn some 5,000 American and British soldiers who there have a choice of 250 courses from nuclear physics to elementary photography—as above. All instructors are addressed as "Mr" whatever their rank and B.A.U. is furnishing, besides solid information, a chance to both Tommies and GI's to accustom themselves again to civilian routine.

Photo. Laurence Earle ★

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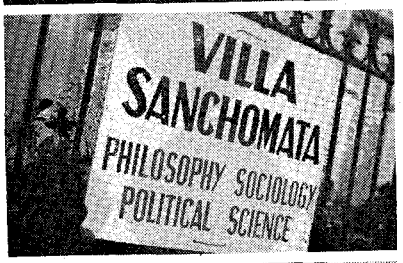
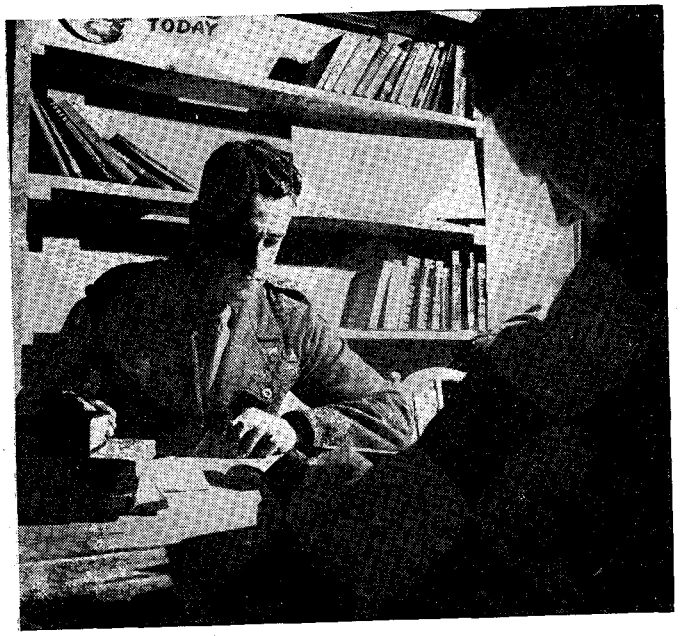


Exclusive villas of Biarritz vacationers have been commandeered to house various "colleges" and "schools" of Biarritz American University.

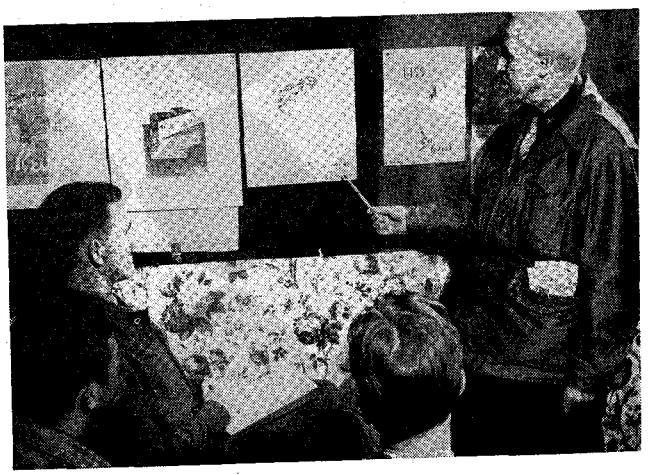
Photo. Laurence Earle ★

Gay book jackets are pasted on a mirror to entice the eye. Here a British student of B.A.U. examines these lures of American publishing. He is identified as Private John Edwards of Cirencester, Gloucester. The last two words are pronounced "Si'sester, Gloster."

Photo. Laurence Earle ★



Each hour of lectures requires two of boning up at the library. Each student is allowed to carry three courses—no more. Most found that to be plenty.



A lecture in advertising layouts for students of commercial practice brings together British and American students.

Photo. Laurence Earle ★

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REBUILD THOSE LIVES

ENGLAND CARES FOR GERMAN ORPHANS

Wintershill Hall, near Southampton, England, one of many places where child victims of Hitler were nursed back to health and sanity.

The children above are the brothers and sisters of these on either side. Left, a little boy in one of the nazi concentration camps to whom horror so in use he walked unmoved by the unburied dead. Right, two little ones who were found in a German horror camp. Help came too late for them.

Photo, British Info. Service

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There were few babies among the children who succeeded in reaching England. This photograph was taken in an English nursery home where these children for the first time in their lives can be unafraid

Photo. British Info. Service

Happy, yes, but there's a rather disturbing look about this child's eyes. A few weeks in England have not yet dimmed the memories of years.

International News Photo

This young lady at the left apparently never had milk from a bottle before and in her hurry stuck in her thumb—and splashed herself!

Keystone Press Photo

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Hitler prevented schooling for Jews, and most of these children have done hard labor instead of their home work during the war years. In England they are accustomed again to the classroom.

Photo. British Info. Service

When the children arrived in England they all wanted baths and showers. For the first two or three weeks the bath and shower spigots were hardly ever closed.

Hanukkah, the Feast of Lights, may now be celebrated unafraid in England by these refugee children.

Photo. British Info. Service

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Maybe delousing with powdered insecticide (above) tickles, but the little boy may also be frightened—with the memory of other things which have happened to him. From fright to a companionable conversation (below) there is the whole world of a new attitude of life, in which cruelty to children is abnormal and hateful instead of everyday's stint.

Photo. British Info. Service

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REBUILD THOSE LIVES!

by MARIE PANETH

Blighted and seared in mind and soul though their muscles were strong, these victims of Nazi corrosion had to be taught again to be children and human beings. But the question was how?

SNATCHED from the cremation kilns, saved from the firing squad, stolen from the "sleeping shelves" of Theresienstadt and Auschwitz, 450 Jewish children landed in England a few days after Berlin was occupied. Were they children indeed? Their ages were those of children, but their sizes were puny, and their minds so twisted, parceled and mutilated that they behaved only with the predictability of wild and hunted beasts. Insane? Perhaps. Psychopathic? Certainly. Permanently? We didn't think so, and because we didn't think so we worked to rebuild those shattered lives.

Tales of horror

On the gentle shores of Lake Windermere, one of England's most beautiful, the busses arrived late at night with 300 of these children. As the busses spilled them into our arms they were talking. Talking, talking, talking, a frenzy of talking horror. They had lived a cadenza of horror that would have finished off any of us, and it was as if they wanted to give us their credentials by talking. It was a nightmare. There was no stemming the flood. Excitedly, but unemotionally, they rattled off their tales, while without the slightest unruliness they did what they were told: undressed, were inspected by the doctors, waited, had baths, went to bed.

For the next few days this telling of stories went on and on and we had to listen. Unrepeatable tales of horror filled the huts of the hostel, tales whose origin and validity could not possibly be unravelled; a combination of what really had happened mixed with rumor and fantasy. A few weeks later, when they had calmed down we were able to get at some of the facts.

Our first impression of these young people was that they were friendly and expected much good to come their way. Yet when some of them, for instance, could not be supplied immediately with full sets of clothing because the standard suits did not fit, they were incapable of believing our assurances that within a few days they would get what they wanted. They showed anger and suspected a trick.

They wanted to learn. They wanted to catch up with what they had missed in six years without schooling. They wanted to be useful. They wanted to ride bicycles. They were very clean. They never stopped having hot baths and showers for days and nights on end during the first week or so. Only slowly did this diminish. It was not merely that they had not been allowed to be dirty while prisoners of the Nazis. For years they had lived in a world where to be found unclean or with a spot on the skin would mean being sent to death. Keeping clean was one of the things which provided a chance to keep alive.

Out of the 300 at Lake Windermere only 48 were girls. Boys and girls alike looked abnormally heavy (with the exception of the very young) and had big bellies (due to malnutrition) which they nearly all lost in the course of a few months. After liberation by the Russians, the children had traveled all over Europe, in search of relatives in German concentration camps, Polish towns, places in Czechoslovakia or Austria, anywhere. The children were recognizable as former inmates of a concentration camp by their short hair. Everybody was friendly to them. They were fed well, mostly on bread and potatoes. Their appetites are still enormous. They are very loud and excitable, very ready to talk and to laugh, and some of them to cry.

They have a strong group feeling. In the beginning it was oppressive to hear them answer as "one man" and see them march and fall into line at their outings. Even their choir singing, beautiful as it sometimes is, became painful through its sheer loudness and repetition. It was as if they incessantly needed the comfort derived from the feeling of a group-unity, even while singing in a chorus. When,

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after a few weeks, these exaggerated assertions of the group diminished, we took it as a sign that, their confidence increasing, they dared more and more to show their own personal reactions and needed less and less the support and shelter which the group-feeling gives. There are many close friendships among them, developed when they worked together and shared hardships and misery.

They were keenly aware that they had to learn English as quickly as possible. Yet as soon as lessons started, we encountered a great difficulty; the children, with very few exceptions, are Polish. Polish-English text books and Polish teachers are very scarce. They are, therefore, learning English via German. Nevertheless, they are learning, some of them with astonishing speed. A few are highly intelligent. Many have great perseverance. Often three or more together sit in their small cubicles, and study late into the night.

Approach to rehabilitation

A week before the arrival of the children, the staff – nearly all refugees from Germany and Austria – moved into the hostel and were busy with preparations. During this time we had many meetings under the guidance of our chief, and worked out the behavior technique to be adopted toward our future charges. We agreed that it would probably be useless to try to enforce orders. We meant to make a few necessary rules, which might or might not be carried out. We were ready to face many major and minor disasters, but were convinced that the most necessary part of our task was to keep the children clear of any feeling of pressure by authority.

This attitude, successfully built up by the whole community, produced admirable results. I ascribe the fact that no major disaster occurred to this lack of pressure and the resulting atmosphere of ease. None of the boys or girls committed suicide in these critical weeks; none killed any other; nobody got seriously ill; nor were there any serious accidents. On the other hand, the straightforward outspokenness of their conversations with us showed their trust in the sanity of their surroundings.

Of course, there were difficulties without number. I recall one which occurred during the first days. Each of the huts of the hostel housed forty children. One morning we succeeded in collecting nearly the whole forty in front of their hut and began discussing some fundamentals in organizing our communal life. We agreed that it was necessary to have a fixed place for assembly. We also agreed that we had to have a distinct signal calling for assembly. We agreed to assemble in front of the hut. The signal for assembly, they suggested, should be the blowing of a whistle. Immediately one of them produced a whistle from his pocket. Three short blasts were to be the signal. One of the young wards was chosen as whistler. A demonstration of whistling was given by him. Everybody seemed satisfied. We dispersed.

Ten minutes later the whistle was blown. Most of the boys were lounging in the beautiful summer sunshine outside, some were in their rooms working. Not one turned his head. Not one came to the place of assembly. Not one showed in any way that he had understood the signal. Yet all had shown eagerness while we prepared it!

In the same way a class was so keen that it did not want to be stopped by the bell calling for a meal; yet, next day, at the appointed time for the continuation of the lessons which apparently they had liked so much, nobody turned up.

Lost capacity to plan

They had no memory for the future, if one can use that expression. They had good memories for what had happened in the past, but a thing that was planned, did not seem to hold for them any promise or possibility of realization, nor any obligation on their side in making its fulfillment possible. It seemed as if the Nazis had succeeded in wiping out of the minds of these boys and girls any capacity for planning the future, perhaps any wish for the future, or any belief in the reality of its ever becoming the present. For six years of their young lives, that future held so many possibilities to be feared and so few, if any, of pleasure, that the mechanism of planning, of remembering the plan and of an effort of will to execute it, seemed to be completely out of gear. They had been successfully trained to forget about the future.

Experiences like the above contribute to the astonishing and complicated picture which emerged after the first few weeks. Here were creatures capable of obedience to routine but with a complete inability to act according to plan; an unrestrained display of wild and primitive instincts combined with acute psychological insight. Disappointment in some was met as in a nursery school; in some others

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with shoulder-shrugging resignation proper to the very disillusioned.

In general, the children are quick to respond. They are spontaneous and ready to express themselves. But their values are all wrong. Small things seem of the greatest importance to them: not getting a new pair of shoes at the same time as a comrade will provoke boys of seventeen to outbreaks of rage and despair. They are much younger than their age in some ways and in others much older.

Truth subordinated to survival

Truth as an abstract virtue means nothing to them. They had to lie about the most fundamental facts to keep alive. They had to change their names. They had to make false statements about their ages and origins. In fact, they had to lie on almost every point of fundamental importance in a civilized world. For instance, when "transport" was arranged for "all over fourteens" to go to an "unknown destination" it might be vital to try and keep out of it by pretending to be under fourteen. It might also turn out the other way round: those who were sent away might outlive the ones that stayed. It was a guess and a gamble. Everything depended on instinct. The insecurity of the old cave dweller was a haven of peace by comparison with the perils and threats amid which these children grew up. Only the fittest could survive. These children were the most fit mentally and physically. They survived the weaker. Picked by the Nazis for their physical toughness, picked by fate as those who had the greatest will to survive, to live, they are here now, with us in Britain.

The thought: what for?

The children soon discovered that survival was one thing—and living, another. After the first tremendously happy days they fell into depression. It was felt throughout the camp. One of the older boys expressed it this way: "One is not a stone, dropping into this world out of nowhere. One is born a human being, with thoughts in one's head. Though we have not learned things, yet we have thoughts. There is a thought in my head now, turning round and round. It is: what for?"

Here is our task—to make life worthwhile for them; to make them find a positive answer to "what for"; to make them fit to live in a normal society and enjoy normal life.

What they have to learn, and indeed, are rapidly learning, apart from the subjects which school can teach, is what life under normal conditions teaches our children. That truthfulness is essential and punctuality necessary where people live in a community. That outside their group comradeship of "we three hundred together" there are people who mean well. They must learn to forget their misery. What they must get from us is a sense of security and continuity in their personal relationship, in their environment, and in their training. And last, though not least, we must give them happy experiences worth remembering.

There are many signs that we are already well on the way. The recounting of their dreadful experiences has stopped. They are busy with other things. Only once in a while an outburst of misery, provoked by some minor incident, reveals their tragic history. Then their tale has the quality of a unique and personal experience which through the small details fastened in the memory, has the unmistakable flavor of reality. The earlier tales could be endured only by pretending that we were listening to fairy tales. Now this is different. Now the tale is told under great pressure: there is purpose in it. It is easier to listen, though the facts are not less gruesome. But here are human beings suffering abnormally in a normal way. This human suffering is more bearable than the inhuman deadly rattle we had encountered before. The story is now told to another human being in the hope that help is to be had, be it ever so small.

In these individual tales of loss and horror, of death and friendship, one note was strongly sounded by nearly all the tellers. They felt guilty. They put it bluntly: guilty for having survived. It was naturally easier for the normal to get to terms with this feeling. Many of them told us that they felt guilty for refraining from taking revenge when they had the chance.

We have to help them to grow up and to find a balance. It is not worthwhile to wish and speculate about the ideal conditions which these victims should have. They are not to be found. Yet we are getting on with the job. We have dispersed the original hostel and opened many smaller ones all over Britain, where house-fathers and house-mothers look after them for the time being with the aid of teachers and activities. A few hope to join relatives in America and elsewhere. Some have joined relatives in Britain. A few will eventually go to Palestine.

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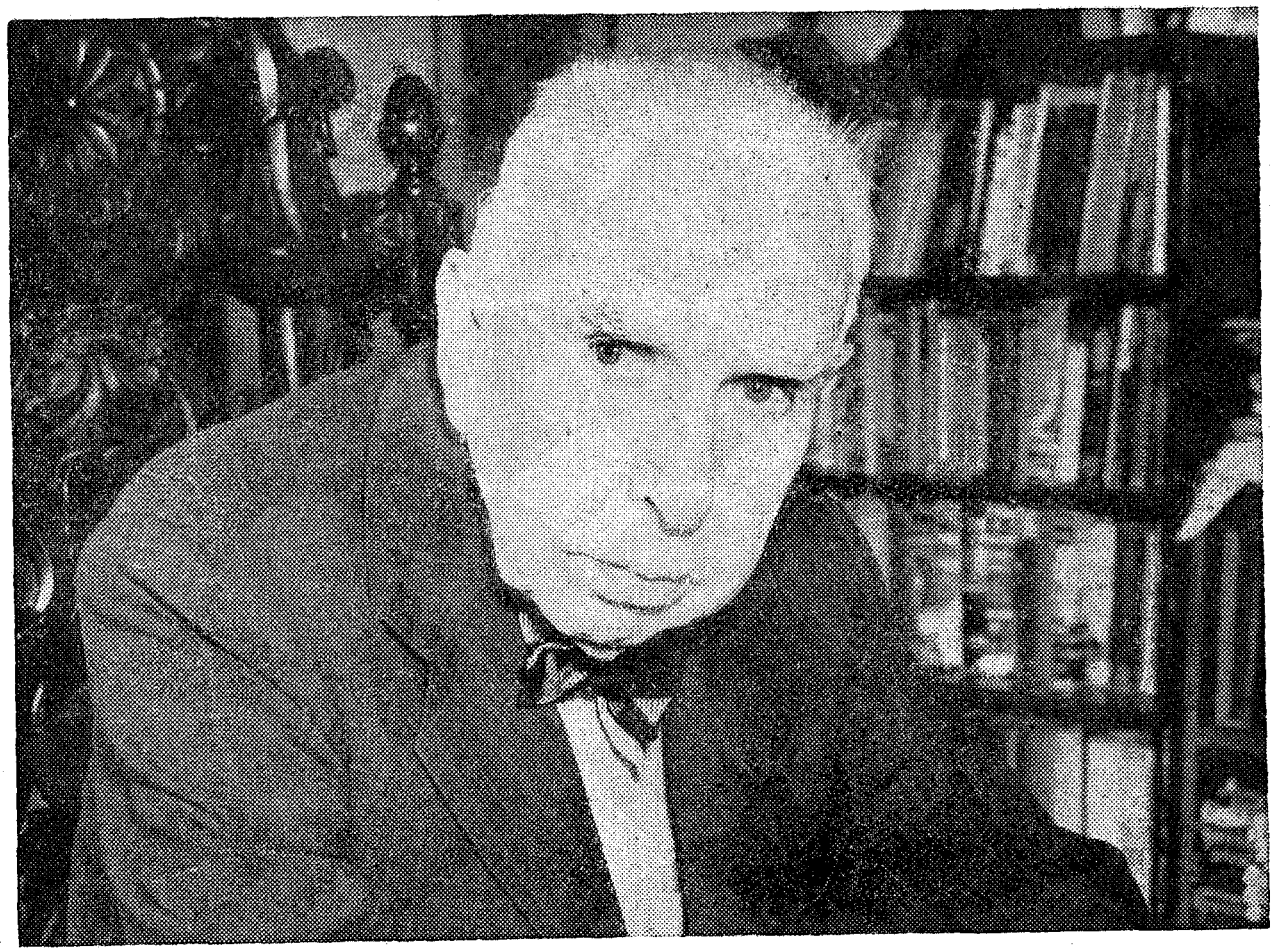

THEODORE DREISER: WORLD SPIRIT

by MARGUERITE TJADER

". . . a principle placed in the human mind which in different places and ages hath had different names; it is, however, pure and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion nor excluded from any, when the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomsoever this takes root and grows, they become brethren."

In his last great novel, which has just appeared, Theodore Dreiser attempts to reach the bed-rock of world fellowship, as defined by the Quaker John Woolman in the above quotation from *The Bulwark*. Dreiser's entire life was characterized by this probing for the truth, for the "real."

From the time when in his spare hours between newspaper assignments, Dreiser sat in public libraries of the Middle-West poring over the works of Balzac and Flaubert, absorbing their passion for life with all its cruelty and pathos, he was moved to write for America as they did for France. For even then he was beginning to be disgusted with the censorship of his news stories, the hypocritical attitude of the press, and of successful citizens generally regarding poverty, and what was popularly labelled "sin". French genius gave him the courage to write his famous first novel—*Sister Carrie*.

Sister Carrie was banned, withdrawn by its publishers and only found an audience in England. Here British critics hailed Dreiser, until eight years later America was shamed into republishing it.

Great spirits the world over draw upon each other for understanding and encouragement, and what the old world gave Dreiser, he in his growing stature as a novelist began to return. His novels were translated into many languages and in return for the praise and recognition he received from European readers, he gave them a feeling of identity, a picture

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of American life, and the knowledge that human experience the world over is the same. Here was a soul akin to Balzac and to Dostoevsky, in the new world (which seemed farther away forty years ago). He showed them that this was not really a new world, but only another place where the dramas of nature and the human spirit could be re-enacted.

Dreiser loved Europe. He made many trips across the Atlantic. Once there was a light-hearted pilgrimage to the centers of European culture and pleasure with the English critic and *bon vivant* whom he describes in *A Traveller at Forty*. They traveled through Germany, up the Rhine, visited the birthplace of Dreiser's father in Mayen-am-Moselle, attended concerts in Berlin. In Holland, Dreiser became enamoured of a beautiful Dutch woman; in France, he went the rounds of galleries, cathedrals, chateaux – and Paris dives. He loved Italy most of all.

Later there was a trip to Scandinavia with Helen Dreiser. He learned to love the fjords and forests and relish the clean, intellectual alertness of Stockholm and the Swedish temperament.

Dreiser was one of the first Americans to visit Russia after the Soviet Revolution. He had long talks with Gorky; visited the home of Tolstoy and saw the working tools of the "great peasant." On his way to the Black Sea he astonished his interpreter by getting off the train at a small wayside station and announcing that he would spend the night and talk with the villagers. He felt at home in Russia.

In New York, where he made his home for some thirty years, Dreiser had friends of every race and nationality. In his huge 57th Street studio truly international parties were given. Here were celebrated the arrival of a group of Nigerian male dancers; the debut of the first group of ballerinas sent to America by the Soviet Union. One of Dreiser's closest friends was the Welsh writer John Cowper Powys; another was the great Negro, Paul Robeson.

In more recent years, in his Moorish-style Hollywood home many talented and varying personalities met at his table–Chinese, French, Russian, Italian, Irish, to mention a few of the races and nationalities represented.

Why speak of these trips, these friendships? They are the background of the world spirit, the world concern that possessed Dreiser. While he spoke no foreign language but German, Dreiser's genius spoke the international language of understanding and compassion for all people. He never saw social struggle in terms of one nation alone. His heart went out to every oppressed group.

In 1938 he took a trip to Spain. Crossing the French border in the summer he sped toward Barcelona in a third-rate limousine, and shared the agony of those last desperate weeks in the doomed city. There he saw Del Vayo and Negrin, and the tragic starving citizens of what was left of Loyalist Spain.

When he returned to Paris, his skin still itching from a form of scurvy prevalent in soapless, drugless Barcelona, he was invited to the "Conference Against the Bombardment of Open Cities." (Yes, there really was such a conference in the summer of 1938!) But as his views on Spain became known, he was not called upon to speak, at least, not until the very end of a session at which he sat waiting on the platform when it was impossible for the chairman to disregard him. Not wishing to antagonize his obviously conservative listeners, he gave an address on *Equity Among Nations,* still hoping that they might be influenced to save Spain, and that a world war might be avoided.

On his return to the United States, Dreiser visited President Roosevelt to plead for Loyalist Spain. The President asked him to form a group of representative citizens from all groups and creeds, to back a demand for food to be sent through the blockade. But although Dreiser worked for several weeks in the heat of a late summer, he found this impossible to do. He was often, at the end of the day, exhausted, sick in heart and body for the people of Barcelona.

In May, 1944, Dreiser was requested by OWI to make recordings for rebroadcast to Europe, since he was one of the Americans most likely to be trusted by Europe's secret radio listeners. His first message—an assurance of liberation —was broadcast during the week before D-Day; the second was an appeal to the German people not to resist the American armies who came to liberate them from fascism. Both were most effective and Dreiser was proud to do them.

Then came his last novel, *The Bulwark,* which deals with a Quaker family whose faith goes beyond sect and creed to the universal principles of love and the brotherhood of man. In this book, which is in a sense his last message to the world, he plants those same principles of justice and compassion which spread throughout his works. He touches upon the final secret of living in a world, free and unafraid.

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HOLD THAT ATOM!

by LIVINGSTON HARTLEY

Pursuing our inquiry begun in these pages in January on practical means of controlling atomic power, an experienced internationalist here discusses whether a super-cartel controlling fissionable materials might do the trick

ONE recent suggestion for meeting the atomic menace is to internationalize the production and custody of plutonium, U235 and other fissionable materials. Although startling at first sight and confronted by obvious political difficulties, this proposal appears upon analysis to merit serious consideration. For its adoption might prove a safeguard against both the fear and the danger of the atomic bomb more effective than any provisions for international inspection alone.

Such a system would be based upon a general treaty in which all governments would obligate themselves to refrain from producing or storing, or permitting anyone in their jurisdiction to produce or store, any fissionable materials, and would confer a monopoly of all production and storage of such materials on an international agency subordinate to the Security Council. This agency would operate every plant producing fissionable materials, would have custody of all existing stocks and future output, and would lease required amounts to organizations or corporations for research or for medicinal or industrial use under licenses and other safeguards.

The outstanding advantage of this system would lie in the extent to which it might eliminate the menace of atomic warfare for the American people and for mankind.

The stages of the atomic process which are potentially the most dangerous to national and international security are the production and storage of fissionable materials. It is in these stages that large quantities become available and might be used for bombs. Under any system of national production and storage plus international inspection, there would always be some danger that considerable amounts of fissionable materials might be secretly diverted and stored for military use. But if the actual production and storage were carried out by an international agency comprising representatives from many nations, this danger might be eliminated.

SECRET production by any government in disregard of the general treaty would seem impracticable under those conditions, due to the large plant and power required, the reaction of the individuals concerned to so flagrant a violation of national treaty obligations, and the extensive international contacts between nuclear scientists which this system would promote.

The possibility that fissionable materials leased to corporations for industrial use might be diverted to secret storage would be far less dangerous because the amounts involved would be much smaller and because inspectors could relatively easily check upon whether a corporation was actually using its allotment. Moreover, in this case the international inspectors would not be trying to check upon a national government, but would, instead, be checking upon a corporation with the backing of national laws as well as treaty obligations.

Consequently, international operation at the two most dangerous stages of the atomic process plus international inspection at the raw material and consumption stages might provide a comprehensive and effective answer to the atomic menace, as well as a means of providing all peoples with atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

This system would not, of course, guarantee safety against atomic bombs if a major war should occur. In that event it must be expected that any system for meeting the atomic menace may break down. As the Truman-Attlee-King statement of November 15, 1945, says, "the only complete protection for the civilized world from the destructive use of scientific knowledge lies in the prevention of war." But this system, if effective, could ensure the United States and other peaceful nations against the nightmare prospect of an atomic Pearl Harbor, a surprise attack in peacetime with atomic explosives.

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When Gustave Doré illustrated Poe's "The Raven" he probably never thought that one day death may sit thus on an empty world destroyed after toying with a *broken atom* . . .

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For an aggressor government, before it could begin to fabricate atomic bombs, would first have to seize fissionable materials from the international agency, thereby warning the peaceful nations of its aggressive intentions and giving them an opportunity to concert measures for collective defense as well as measures to maintain international security.

But no solution of the atomic problem, however safe and effective it might be, will be feasible unless it is acceptable to the principal nations. This could be determined only after exhaustive study and exchanges of views. It is evident now, however, that while the political obstacles to international production and storage may be greater than those in the way of international inspection, they would be offset to some extent by certain important political advantages.

A FUNDAMENTAL difficulty in any system of international inspection of national production of fissionable materials is the necessity for inspection by international officials of the activities of national governments. From this could arise embarrassment, friction, charges of bad faith and even serious political conflicts. This difficulty would be greatly reduced if production and storage of such materials, the two most dangerous stages of the atomic process, were carried out by an international agency and international inspection of national activities were necessary only at the raw-material stage and, in the case of government-owned industries, at the consumption stage. Whether the latter, with its obvious invasions of national sovereignty, would actually be more objectionable to the United States, Russia and other important countries than the former, with all its possible repercussions, is a question which is by no means clear and needs to be weighed.

In the immediate future, moreover, fissionable materials will be produced in important quantities only in the United States. If production is to be undertaken by national governments, the other industrial Powers will be impelled to bend every effort to developing plants of their own because, from their point of view, the present monopoly of such production by the United States cannot but be regarded as a potential instrument of power politics. This situation points already toward a race in the development of atomic energy. Unless a system of international inspection which works with complete success can be elaborated and set up, this situation could lead to an atomic armament race.

But if our plants, in accordance with a general treaty containing similar obligations for all nations, were to be operated by an international agency, the present pressure upon other industrial Powers to develop such plants would be greatly diminished. Production in the United States of fissionable materials could no longer be regarded as a potential instrument of power politics because it would no longer be in the hands of our government. Other countries could then benefit equally with us in the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. As long as the demand could be met by existing plants in the United States, it would be very expensive and economically useless for other Powers to build plants for operation by the international agency. And when some industrial Power did build such a plant in its territory, that plant would then be operated by the same agency which was operating plants in our territory.

Because we now possess a monopoly of the production of fissionable materials, the creation of such a system would require immediate sacrifices on our part in the form of internationalizing this monopoly, allowing an international agency to operate plants in our country, and, perhaps, giving these plants to the United Nations. These sacrifices would have to be balanced against the special benefits the American people might obtain. One would be the reduction of the pressure now impelling other nations to develop their own plants. More important would be the gain in national security, if international production of fissionable materials would actually be a more effective safeguard against the atomic menace than any system based on national production.

Security against atomic explosives is of particular importance to the American people because our huge industrial concentrations are so vulnerable and because, as our military leaders have pointed out, we must expect that our country will be attacked first if another great war should occur.

Whether this system would actually be safer and more effective than any system based on national production and whether it would be feasible are questions which can be answered finally only by those who possess a comprehensive knowledge of both the technical and political factors involved. But in view of the probability that a problem so unprecedented as the atomic problem may demand an unprecedented solution, it does seem clear that this solution, despite its far-reaching requirements, should be given serious thought.

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FAILURES IN G.I. ORIENTATION

Despite the mass of reports of misbehaviors, brawls, "fraternization" and looting by American soldiers in occupation areas, there has been a certainty in the United States that this could not be true. Do American boys behave this way at home? The answer is no. Do they go haywire, somehow when they get abroad? Apparently. Troops have misbehaved since armies have fought wars, but somehow we hoped this would not be true of this war. For was this not a war of liberation? And as such the former (almost legitimate) looting and despoiling of conquered countries was not within our war aims.

Here are two reports on American army behavior, by two American soldiers, each reporting from an area he knew. Private Edgar L. Acken writes of what he saw in Czechoslovakia, and Hargis Westerfield writes of what he saw in Japan. Both coincide in specifying the trouble. Neither put "stumblebumming" down to innate badness but to the failure of army orientation, a failure approaching the catastrophic and whose neglect Private Acken calls "almost criminal."

THE CZECHOSLOVAK STORY

by EDGAR L. ACKEN

THE conduct of both the Russians and Americans in Czechoslovakia has shocked and disgusted the Czech people and their belief in Russia and the United States as democratic nations has been badly shaken.

Unfortunately, there were so many of the wrong kind of individuals in the American and Russian armies and so little control over them, that even a patriotic national would be forced to wonder whether he had the right conception of his country. One of the things not to be expected is that the general attitude of an army which has just fought and won an ideological war, would be that of the defeated army.

Here the Americans suffered even in comparison with the Russians—and the Czechs despised the Russian troops.

While the Russians got drunk and looted, the explanation lay in their lack of even the merest necessities of life, and in the fact that they (even as the Americans) had no conception that they were aiding patriots to recover their land, and were not conquering enemy soil. However, though the Russians went in for looting, and later for the purchase of desirable articles by force, it was possible to explain this by their hunger for those symbols of comfort which either they had never had or had been without for years. In addition, the Russian Army system of logistics rests on the principle of "living off the country."

The Americans, on the other hand, were without a doubt the best fed and most comfortable troops in the war. There was, as a consequence, little serious looting. Yet, where the Russians were considered by the Czechs as ignorant louts, and almost pityingly disdained, the Americans earned the active hatred of the Czechs, in many cases, by their actions, which seemed to smack of fascism or nazism.

U. S. Troops Feed Their Race Prejudices

In the very beginning the Americans got off to a bad start by commenting disparagingly about the Czechs, and Czech cities, as compared with the Germans. Much has been written about the mysterious affinity of the Germans and the Americans. This was most apparent to the Czechs, and made them suspicious of us from the start. It is hardly good salesmanship to tell a man that he cannot compare favorably with his bitterest enemy.

Second, the Czech girls failed to behave as the German and even the French and Belgian girls did,—that is to flatter Americans for candy and food-stuffs. The chocolate soldier meant nothing to them. Thus, the ego of the boy who had come to think of himself as an irresistible lover (forgetting that hunger was the selling factor) was irritated.

The Czechs were almost alone of all the European nations, in not wanting to migrate, through marriage or otherwise, to the United States. This was in direct contrast with all the other people the U. S. soldier had met,—and he didn't like it.

On our side, not only did our preference for

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the Germans irritate the people, but our racial and religious prejudices did too.

In common with most of the civilized nations of the world, the Czechs have no color prejudice. They were shocked, therefore, at the virulence of the hatred many Americans had for American negro troops. Negroes who associated with Czechs were gratuitously attacked and in a number of cases killed by white troops. The writer had access to records of many of the serious incidents brought before the military authorities in Czechoslovakia, and found that there was a great number of "hit and run" attacks on negro troops by white soldiers who knew none of the other parties to the dispute, but "couldn't stand seeing niggers with white folks."

Sudeten Misunderstood

However, the greatest of all the quarrels which the Czechs felt they had with the American idea of democracy, was in the matter which affected them directly. That was in the Sudetenland. Here Konrad Henlein had betrayed the Czechs to Hitler. Therefore, when Czechoslovakia was once more free, the Czechs took steps, stern, implacable, irresistible, but not cruel.

Germans in the Sudeten were made to wear yellow arm bands, were treated differently from Czechs. They could not associate with the Czechs, except on business terms. The yellow band they wore was the ancient sign of the Jews in the days of ghettos and pogroms, and while these germanic people were not killed off, they were forced to live on the ration allowance which the Nazis had given the Jews. This was true of all classes of the Germans, most of whom were women, old men or children, since many of the young male Sudetenlanders were in the German army. It shocked the average young American soldier to see children so marked, and to have the pretty youngsters play around his mess-hall, plainly wanting food.

When Americans are invited to Czech dances, and then bring German girls, the Czechs are outraged, and feel that they could not depend on American sincerity. When, also, the Americans start brawls at such affairs in an effort to force the acceptance of their German and collaborationist girl friends, the Czechs feel that there is nothing that they can learn from us, and the historic Czech friendship for the United States is disrupted.

Just as the individual Russian soldier has done nothing to further his country's cause in Czechoslovakia, so the American has done much to injure the cause of the United States throughout Europe.

It is most unfortunate in every way that these conditions should prevail, since there is no doubt that both the United States and Russia could learn much from the foremost democracy in Europe.

Americans Lacked "Orientation"

It was amazing to note that troops throughout Europe were given no orientation as to the countries in which they were fighting, whether they were in France, Belgium, Holland or Germany.

The complete orientation of troops immediately upon their arrival in England had been so successful in demonstrating the part that nation was playing in the struggle, and explaining the differences to be expected in ways of living and attitudes, that its neglect on the continent seems almost criminal.

THE JAPANESE STORY

by HARGIS WESTERFIELD

TOWARD their own kind, overseas Americans are generally as friendly and considerate as human beings can possibly be. In a foreign community in small numbers, they are well behaved, easily controlled by the more level-headed men in their own groups. But Yanks are undesirable in large numbers in foreign lands. They herd by themselves and reverberate each others' prejudices more loudly. Because they are homesick and because material contrasts between Japan and the States are obvious, they have plenty of data for building up prejudices.

Already prejudiced, they make public appearances in large groups, and they always have liquor. Yanks seem to enjoy falling down drunk publicly in an enemy land. Then they approach every woman within a hundred yard range. Accustomed to the filthy language natural to an Army, they go on talking it among people who know English themselves. (So well had the children of the Philippines learned

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gutter-American that one suspected the existence of a purposeful organization to teach them.) Once a fifteen year old child reared in America was taking us to visit a Buddhist shrine in her small town. Up slunk a Yank behind us, the only other one we ever saw there. "Say, what is this place?" he yelled. "A whore-house?" In this mood of roving drunkenness, Yanks scatter cigarettes and money lavishly, with no thought of how they are lofting price-levels for themselves. Yanks in large numbers overseas are a boastful arrogant crew of drunken stumblebums. They trample delicate customs; they never comprehend the minds of the natives; and they reduce all intercourse to the lowest plane of drink and women.

Unconscious of the irony, the Americans brought their race-prejudice to Japan with them—not against the Japanese they had fought, but against the American Negroes who had suffered alongside them. Medical surveys reported Japanese brothels as highly infected and only cursorily examined by native doctors, but many white Americans were pressing on the managers to keep out American Negroes. Openly, Yanks boasted, "These women won't take a nigger nohow." They used to make the same boast in the Philippines. It was mistaken as always, but it made them happy. One morning in Hiro, our jeep was taking the company morning report into regimental headquarters at Hiro, down the road from which stood a brothel convenient for the regiment. The MP sergeant at the road-block waved us on. "It's all right, boys," he shouted. "Ain't no sailors or niggers in there! The One-Six-Three Regiment's taking over the whore-houses."

Bad Orientation

This great defect in Yank and Jap relations was partly due to weak Army orientation. Although our division, for instance, had three months' time—and two of those months after the peace—little was done to post the American GI on Japan. Orientation in the line outfits was meager, and the usual bumbling military process was followed: (1) ignore any qualified speaker without a commission, (2) designate some unfortunate lieutenant for the lecture, one whose speaking background consists of a few OCS training talks, (3) hurl a heap of undigested and indigestible mimeographed material at his head the night before he is to make the speech. If, despite this hit-or-miss policy, a good speaker did emerge from among the officers, a great percentage of the men would always be away from the lecture on detail. Out of three orientation talks for my rifle company, I heard one, and that ignorantly given. Thus the men learned nothing about domestic Japan, and they had little more chance to learn to communicate with the Japanese. A mimeographed sheet containing a few common phrases—military commands, greetings, directions—was issued to them, and there were three "repeat-after-me" classes in pronunciation conducted by a Nisei, of which the average GI might be free from detail to attend one. (Yes, yes, officers had a chance at language classes, but no enterprising enlisted man had a chance to volunteer for one.) In Japan, the Army did have a larger phrase pamphlet, but copies were limited to a few in regimental headquarters and above. Only in rare cases did the average soldier ever acquire this pamphlet, and if he did, found that half of it listed only useless military commands. But an informed soldier had no medium by which he could directly tell the Japanese people about the democracy for which he had fought. Army orientation, once again, had failed us.

From Hate to Gift Bearers

Americans trained to hate the Nipponese enemy turned overnight into peaceful bearers of cigarettes and sweets. Generally, the Japanese showed a genuine liking for the Americans, especially the women and children, and, notably, even in Hiroshima. Yet, because of weaknesses in the overseas American and in his army organization, the final effect of face-to-face contact between representatives of the two cultures might not be beneficial. Perhaps the basis for Japanese liking lay only in the economic bounty a rich American soldier could distribute in a war-harried land.

Contemptuously watching the drunken overfed crowds of Yanks helplessly stumblebumming around his streets, the Japanese might reason with some correctness, that the democratic American was an inferior social product. He might believe that only superiority in factories and natural resources had overcome his armies, and not the superiority of the American way of life. To win the next war, then, the Japanese might need only superior material equipment. And the American Army had done nothing to give the average GI the language or the orientation by which he could uphold the American way. The contact between the two groups had been blundering and spontaneous, and, on the American's part certainly, lamentably unguided.

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MAYFLOWER MINORITY

by GUSTAVUS SWIFT PAINE

The word "minorities" isn't usually applied to the descendants of the Mayflower's *immigrants. Here one of them has a few gentle words to say about the problems of minorities in general and his own in particular.*

I AM one of an American minority. It is in fact today a rather small minority which only in comparatively few places constitutes a group. In the past many of us have been very clannish. Yet at the same time most of us have been individualists. On the whole we have succeeded better in American living by mingling with others pretty freely than by trying just to preserve our original solidarity. I feel that from now on our influence will be great and beneficial only as we use it wisely to promote real interplay of all the strains throughout the world.

The minority of which I am part consists of those descended from English people who settled in Massachusetts before 1650. My own ancestors lived on Cape Cod for three centuries. We have often considered ourselves the foremost Americans. Now we have to recognize that whatever pre-eminence we may have thought we had is precarious.

When recently I pointed out to a Jewish friend that we are indeed a minority, she said at once, "Well, you must be protected." I had not felt, I replied, the need for mere protection. That, she said, is because you have not been attacked. We have been assailed, ridiculed, and scorned, I said; in countless books, articles, talks, and in everyday living we have been satirized and bitterly condemned; even California has often given us the cold shoulder unless we were native sons. No, we need far more than protection; we need ever better understanding of others and of ourselves, ever more interweaving of all the elements in living.

Everyone knows how in the past we have frequently been ruthless toward others. Among my own ancestors were Separatist ministers and officials who did everything they could to subdue the Quakers, the Baptists, the Arminian heretics, even the Puritans themselves. Later we Cape Codders looked askance at the Irish, the Portuguese, the summer people, at anyone outside our own stock which was steadily becoming inbred. There on Cape Cod we were *the* people; wisdom, we thought, would naturally die with us. The individual outsider must have found it very hard trying to live with that clique, largely because it was a clique, closely knit in spite of many conflicts within itself. I often think of how hard it must have been for the few Jews who finally established themselves among the Cape Codders, how hard it was for them even after many of them won general respect, esteem, and affection. A crowd of any kind can be much more ruthless than most of the individuals who comprise the crowd would otherwise be. Many of us have been magnificently stiff-necked.

Nevertheless I take pride in my ancestry, including my descent from *Mayflower* passengers through a score or more lines. I know they were like anyone else's ancestors, good, bad, and indifferent, with all sorts of shadings in their individual traits. Why did they come to America? Some of them, but only some of them, did indeed want religious freedom: at least for themselves if not for others. Many on the *Mayflower,* were adventurers. Some, especially among the servants, wives, and children who were brought along, may not have wanted to come. The chief generalization that we may make about them is that, for one reason or another, though in many cases reluctantly, they were a people on the move. This is true of everyone else who has come to America. Everyone should have a pride of ancestry, in some ways similar to, in other ways different from, mine. In the schools today I like to see the children encouraged to know what their varied ancestries are. In my own son's school I like to think of the ancestries of boys and girls who have recently arrived from Turkey, China, France, Germany, Russia, Mexico, from all over the world. We may well put intelligent emphasis on the reality and romance of any ancestry.

Any American Belongs to a Minority

What impresses me far more about my own

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minority, however, is how, notably in the last few generations, it has intermarried with many others of quite different ancestries. I myself married a recent immigrant. Among my nearest cousins are some who are part Jewish, part Scandinavian, part German, and so on. There are *Mayflower* descendants who are today part Chinese, part Melanesian, part Russian, part Italian, Greek, Spanish, part almost anything. There are *Mayflower* descendants who are classified in the census as Negroes. My minority has not been only conservative; it has been adventurous, too. It was an adventure for some of the *Mayflower* passengers themselves to marry Walloons. We have gone all over the world adapting surroundings to ourselves and ourselves to surroundings, retaining many of our old traits as prominent threads in splendidly fresh patterns.

In a sense any American is part of a minority. There is no majority of any one clear type. New York city has more of Jewish, Irish, or Italian than of "purely" English ancestry. There are in my son's school far more Jewish children than of any other minority. In many another place those who have been called minorities outnumber those who have been mistakenly considered the majority. So when I try to formulate, even vaguely, a program for the further readjustment of my own minority to ever-changing conditions, I may be speaking somewhat for other minorities, too.

A Creed and a Program

First, I intend to support in one way or another whatever social endeavors for better relations seem to me intelligent, just, genuinely kind, and practicable. Even experiments that seem to me wild, I hope to regard with charity. In accord with my own best traditions I continue to have faith that public and private education, especially of really modern sorts, ever more broadly diffused, can do much toward consolidating the interests of all minorities. I do have more faith in educators and administrators than in law-makers, though I know that we all need the backing of better laws, for our current and future emergencies.

Meanwhile, there are many little things I can do that may help. I can at least try to deal fairly with everyone, person to person. This, of course, is not enough. In these days when individualists at the top have become so highly organized as to be a kind of socialistic entity for their own interests, other organizations must compete with them if there are to be any improvements. Yet the power of the active individual has not been altogether annihilated.

I am not just a Cape Codder, a Puritan, a conservative, or a reactionary. I refuse to think that any of these labels or others adequately describes me. First of all, I am a man; second I am an American; and it is only thirdly or fourthly or fifthly that I may be partly any of these other things. The same is true of anyone else here in the United States. My being part of a minority is but one small phase of my existence as a man, expecting to be treated as a man, and expecting to treat others as men, women, and children. In dealing with others, then, I want to be as little as possible stereotype-minded, as much as possible "person-minded." It was interesting to me to note that those who were thus "person-minded" accomplished the most in the difficult Japanese relocation centers of the Southwest.

At my son's school I am aware that many of the other parents are Jews, that some are Negroes, some Chinese, and so on. I am even more aware that they are all people. Probably they are not so aware that I am a descendant, through and through, of the Puritans and Separatists. Doubtless they are aware that I am a Gentile, though perhaps supposing that I am an agnostic. (In our programs for religious tolerance, for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews alike, I have seen few pleas for tolerance toward agnostics, whose very agnosticism or skepticism may be for them a living form of religion. I wish more of our religionists could and would speak up for fairness to free thinkers, and to all those who, if asked to name their religion, would say "nothing.") Many conventional classifications are incorrect. At any rate I hope those other parents in the school think of me as primarily just an American person.

If person-to-person treatment is not enough in itself, neither is any great scheme for economic or other justice. There must also be an ever more widespread decent regard for every kind of human dignity. About this we individualists, who have not been joiners very much, can be of great service by being alert and considerate. As for equality, what I (and I think my minority) want is not so much equality as reasonable interaction. I know that we are all very unequal. I do not believe deeply in the much-vaunted American equality of opportunity. What I hope for, and intend to work for, is better adjustment among many inequalities. There are many Jews, Negroes, recent immigrants or descendants of relatively recent immigrants of all sorts who in I. Q.'s, in aptitudes, in achievements, and in countless

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other ways are superior to me. In some ways everyone is superior and in some ways inferior. What I (and again I think my minority) want is an ever better balance, some equilibrium continually evolving.

Experiments in Social Contacts

We, of my minority have been, I repeat, more or less adventurous—and experimental. Many of us have a good deal of curiosity and like to inquire. Though we cling to certain cores and even excrescences of our customs, we like new experiences, too. We like old friends and acquaintances and we like new friends and acquaintances. Though we like sameness, we also like variety. In these traits my minority may well have considerable leadership in many social experiments. Here I am using social in the smaller, more intimate, not the larger sense. I am proposing that in our social contacts, in our own homes and elsewhere, we show whatever graces we may have to people of more and more kinds. We can consciously set out to minimize our old fear of strangers. We can learn to make our attitudes more flexible.

Of course, in intimate social groups, people need to be somewhat congenial, though sometimes sharp differences may be pleasant. To be quite definite, I and my family can invite to our home recent immigrants and members of all races and their descendants. We can also accept invitations from these other people. We should seldom do it from any sense of duty. Our test is, will this give us and them pleasure together? Considering our guests as well as ourselves, we will not mix them mercilessly. On one occasion, for instance, we had to luncheon with us a Negro and a friend who is half Jewish and half Roman Catholic. Though these two had not previously known each other, it was a very successful luncheon. The good feeling of even such single incidents spreads. People talk. We can be eager to have them talk about our experiments. Nowadays more than ever before my family and minority are maneuvering such social contacts quite easily.

Can it be positively pleasant for all sorts of people to be together in trains, hotels, theaters, eating places, and so on? When the more backward of my minority learn the zest of being cosmopolitan, we may advance rapidly. Though we may be slow in getting started, we are fast when we have taken the first hurdles. Paradoxically, Yankee speed is often as proverbial as Yankee slowness. Once we deliberately set out to be at ease in novel situations, our capacity for enjoying the unfamiliar shows itself.

Fusion Toward Fellowship

Well, as a group my own minority has long since been pretty much dispersed. Our very keenness, ingenuity, energy, and assertiveness have taken us to every part of the world. In most places we must either fraternize or be isolated with few of our kind at hand. On the whole we are too gregarious to like much isolation. So we have to develop give-and-take, not merely on our own terms, but in terms fairly comprehensible, interesting, and enjoyable to all concerned. Our in-group practices have been steadily subsiding. Many more of our customs will have to give way to new fusions, even while we cherish some of them in private. We have been, as I have said, a moving people. We are going on moving, changing, proving more cosmopolitan fellowship.

For a time we of my minority were citizens of England. Lately I have been finding out a good deal of just who they were. Most of them were underdogs who had been much pushed around. There were cobblers, carpenters, calenders, fishermen, workers in breweries, little artisans of all kinds. Then we were citizens of Plymouth, proud merchants and freemen in our small ways. After that we were citizens of Cape Cod, captains of tiny ships, farmers, butchers, house-builders. At length we became citizens of the United States of America. We may yet become citizens of the world and have a good deal of influence in the evolution of an ever finer interplay between all our fellow world citizens.

Our Sabbatarianism, our version of Christmas, our paternal and maternal domination in families, even our strong sense of family relationships, many of our taboos, our tendency to think that others with different customs from ours must be queer—much of this has passed away. We do not want protection for our outworn mores, though ghosts of them may remain. We want to keep on flowering or flourishing; and to do so we must expect others everywhere to flower or flourish with us. Tolerance is but pale and passive compared with such intercourse. I want my minority actually to estimate, appreciate, evaluate, and share in the advantages of everything in the universe as it is and as it may be. I want careful exploration of all the possibilities for intercourse between people, things, and ideas, with predominantly good feeling for all. That is a big program.

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MOVIES

THE HOLLYWOOD LETTER

by ALLEN RIVKIN

Ideas dreamed up by editors sometimes backfire, hence our pleasure at the immediate success of this new type of movie commentary inaugurated in FREE WORLD. *The success is due entirely to our having been able to persuade Allen Rivkin—novelist, playright and screen writer with many top shows carrying his by-line—to undertake this department.*

IN THE summer of 1944 Theodor S. Geisel, a major in the Army Pictorial Service, Western Division, Hollywood, was asked by the Chief of the Army's Information and Education division to come to Washington for some top secret chit-chat. There Maj. Geisel met with some gentlemen in I. & E. and AMG. He was told that the war might be over that fall and, in case these crystal-ball peepers were right, the War Department ought to have a film which said to the GI's in the ETO, "Don't monkey around with Nazis—and don't forget that all Germans are Nazis." General "Ike" knew the coming dangers of fraternization and wanted to spike it before it got to be the headache it finally did.

Maj. Geisel—who was Dr. Seuss when he drew political cartoons for *PM* and before that the creator of "Quick, the Flit" and now is a writer for RKO-Radio Pictures—came back to Hollywood and called his staff together, the boys who had been making Private Snafu for the Army-Navy Screen Magazine and creating the exciting animations for Col. Frank Capra's *Why We Fight* Series. These lads slouched into Geisel's office: Pfc. Harold A. Curry, T/5 Eugene S. Fleury, Lt. Roger H. Garrison, Pfc. Raoul Kraushaar, Pvt. Bob J. Moore, Capt. Norman J. Rivkin, Lt. Jack Sarkin, Civilian John Sheets and Pfc. Harvey Thompson. The boys heard the problem, were told how confidential-confidential secret-secret it was and went back to their termite-teasing foxholes and started beating their brains out.

Poor Geisel had very little precedent to go on, at least in the area of the cinema. True, his office mate, Col. Anatole Litvak, had made the courageous *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* many years before, but since then there had been such trifles as *The Hitler Gang, Escape, The Mortal Storm* and a few others dillies much worse. The good Major fortunately, however, had been to Germany, was, in truth, of German descent, had seen and learned how sweet the Germans were when beaten, how ingratiating they could become when trying to rise from the destruction they had caused and also what dirty bastards they *really* were when they got that superman complex. He had learned what they'd been after Bismarck, he'd seen how they'd acted after Kaiser Wilhelm and he knew it was going to be a cinch that they'd follow the same pattern after Hitler was washed up. He had film to prove that the same Germans who heiled each other and then terrorized and murdered their neighbors, were simply charming when they did their picturesque folk dances and guzzled from beautiful steins. And this he wanted to tell the G. I.s who'd be occupiers when all the shooting was stilled.

V-E Day came, the film—*Your Job in Germany*—was shown in some of the ETO theaters, it had an excellent, though temporary (as seems now to be the case) effect on its viewers (See FREE WORLD, March, p. 34). However, it didn't shilly-shally: it called a spade a spade and the State Department had nothing to do with it as, for instance, they did with a couple other Capra Army films. Some of us felt, then, that the film was so good and said

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so many things that needed to be said about Germany, that G. I.'s alone shouldn't have all the information and education. We wanted it to go into general theatrical release so that all the U. S. could see it. Some gentlemen in the War Department, oddly enough, thought differently. Some brassies felt that it made the Germans look a little too bad, too vicious, too two-faced. No, they opined, it shouldn't go into theaters through a War Activities Committee (the agency through which all government and service films were booked for public consumption) release—at least, not quite yet. Some of us had our senators and representatives put a little heat on. The War Department's stuttering replies were sent to us. There was this that had to be cleared up and the question-and-answer file grew larger and larger till we gave up in desperation.

A FEW months later Harry Warner gave an address at the Nobel Peace Prize dinner. He said, in part: "It is up to us to make use of films as an implement of international goodwill and understanding. For if motion pictures cannot give people a complete formula for making world peace permanent, they can still help create the conditions of international good-will that are the essential foundation of lasting peace . . . And I think it is reasonable to say that any country which does not encourage the fullest use of the screen as a means of giving its own people a greater understanding of the meaning of peace on earth and goodwill toward men, does not want peace on earth."

Obviously Harry Warner meant what he said and actually realized the full meaning of the German danger for, look and behold, a new 18-minute film is now out, presented by Jack L. Warner, and called *Hitler Lives!* It's good, too. But it ought to be good for it's Major (now Lt. Col.) Theodor S. Geisel and staff's *Your Job in Germany*. How the War Department brassies finally gave in or who made them do it, we don't know. It happened in some wonderful way and now everyone can see, for the first time on the screen to our knowledge, the inside story of eternal German aggression.

The Film Daily says of it: "It's the type of film that men of all creeds and nations should be made to see at least once a month"

You know, it just possibly could be, if the movie-goers of the world would pay as much mind to *Hitler Lives* as they do to Clark Gable and Betty Grable, there might never be a World War III—with Germany.

CHATTER

MGM has two big ones about ready. A. J. Cronin's *The Green Years* and Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's *The Yearling* already are getting the publicity build-up. *The Yearling* has been on and off over a period of years. First it was started with Spencer Tracy in the star part but Tracy suddenly came back from Florida and it was alleged that he and Victor Fleming, the director, didn't see eye-to-eye on how Spencer should wrestle with the alligators. Two or three years went by and a new star crept onto the horizon: Gregory Peck. Clarence Brown put together a new production, Peck was given the lead and back to Florida they went. Now, with Jane Wyman of *Lost Weekend* fame opposite Peck and with a new kid from Georgia (the first one got too old), you'll be able to see the tender story of the boy and the deer who grew up together.

. . . As for *The Green Years,* Tom Drake, whom you'll remember from *Meet Me in St. Louis,* is the lad who plays Cronin's student.

. . . *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* have been dusted off again and are being reworked. To those who wonder how they'll duck the political complications of Werfel's monumental novel, it has been suggested that a foreword on the film read: "This is the old Turkey." If the picture producers are still worried about foreign markets and old-style power politics that foreword might be excellent for more reasons than one.

. . . Simon Harcourt-Smith, a London film reviewer, took two columns to tell his readers what a stinker *Those Endearing Young Charms* was and blasted Robert Taylor unmercifully for playing the lead. Unfortunately, Robert Young was the star and poor Taylor had nothing to do with it, having been in the Navy at the time.

YOU OUGHT TO SEE

The Strange Love of Martha Ivers with Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin and promising newcomer, Kirk Douglas.

From This Day Forward with Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens.

Two Sisters from Boston with everyone's sweetheart, Jimmy Durante, singing two new songs and Lauritz Melchior also warbling.

Vacation from Marriage with Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr.

Hitler Lives, a documentary discussed above, which you *must* see and remember the rest of your lives.

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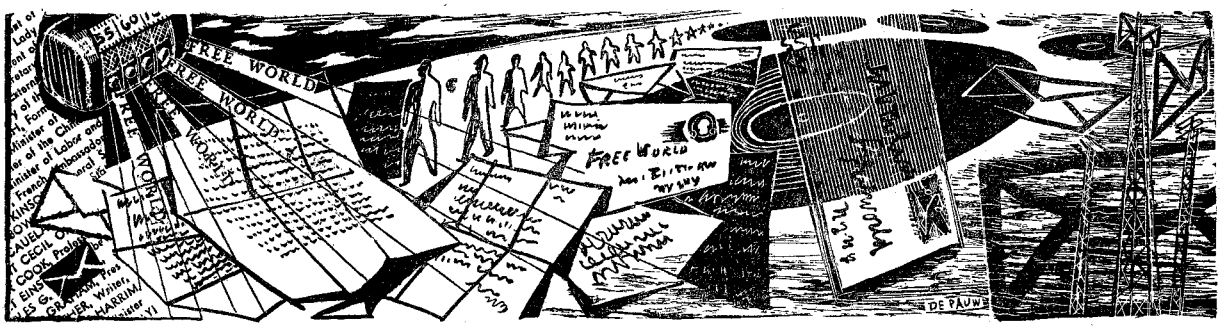

FREE SPEECH

AND LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

A Doughboy's Plea for Democracy

I've just finished reading the first copy of FREE WORLD that I have had the pleasure of seeing.

In the letters from the readers section I find one from a fellow-"Doughboy," Joseph Vity. In it he states that the average G.I. lacks political consciousness and offers a splendid method for curing this lack. He also states that the only thing we think of is getting out of the army. That is very true in my case.

If the army let the average G.I. have more part in running the affairs of the army, it might be more attractive to him. It maintains a caste system as absurd as that of India.

Until the army makes drastic changes to bring its organization on a democratic par with that of the Government of the United States there will be few men in it with a political consciousness.

CORNELIUS M. RYAN, JR. (Pfc.)
Carrera, Italy

Proposed International Technical Conference

I was very much interested in an item in the news section (State of the World) concerning the proposed International Technical Conference to be held in Paris.

I hope we will hear more about it. It can be very important; whether for good or evil remains to be seen. But the future is very much in the hands of the scientist and technician, and it is to be hoped that those attending this congress have some social vision.

It sounds that way, but maybe I am not reading "between the lines" correctly. Sort of wishful thinking. Possibly someone among them has read Veblen's "Engineers and the Price System."

Permit me to take this opportunity to express my appreciation of your magazine. I share mine with friends, and the Public Library.

E. MARY CHAMBERLAIN
Seattle, Washington

Personnel for UNO

In the January issue you solicited opinion on the International Secretariat. Though this body will not be a policy forming organ, may I suggest two additional features as worthy of consideration in appointing its personnel—

(1) That formal Education be one field to be adequately represented here, either indirectly through UNESCO, or directly from outside.

(2) With the exception of the Director-General and his immediate Deputy, the personnel of this body should not be permanent in office but rather selected for specified terms only in order to afford other talented nationals of member states maximum opportunity to serve humanity in this capacity.

As a member of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and a student of international relationships for twenty years I am keenly interested in the maintenance and promotion of the good will existing between our two countries and in the present trend tward world government as the ultimate means of establishing peace and the comity of nations.

F. A. RUDD,
Department of Social Sciences
Collegiate Institute,
Lethbridge, Alberta

Australian Immigration

On page 4 of the yellow pages (State of the World) commencing your March issue you have a paragraph headed "Australian Immigration Limited." It reports a Canberra message and says that "Australian immigration quotas of 70,000 per year have been set."

The heading of the text is misleading and conveys an impression entirely contrary to the fact. The message must have been written by an American because of his use of the word quotas. We have no such system or limitation in Australia. The 70,000 per year is an ambitious *target*. It represents 1% of our population per year. If the U.S.A. had a similar target it would now be planning to absorb 1,400,000 immigrants per year. In relation to its resources as well as to its population that figure would be about equal to the Australian objective of 70,000. Moreover, our figure is based on average experience over a long period of years including U.S.A. average experience when there were no quotas or other limits,

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and the inscription on the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor was correct.

I have no doubt that the error was unintentional, and arose merely from pre-occupation with U.S.A. ideas and practices. Similar errors are of course commonplace in other journals, as when they discuss relative war sacrifices and contributions to the world's food needs. They are a product of ignoring relative populations, resources and production.

J. B. BRIGDEN
Australian Legation
Washington, D. C.

"Youth Council on the Atomic Crisis" Oak Ridge Sets a Pattern

As an ardent FREE WORLD subscriber and a member of AU, IRRC, AVC and the Atomic Scientists and Engineers of Oak Ridge, I am anxious to enlist your support in a project of special importance.

Enclosed you will find a special issue of the Oak Ridge High School paper. It is 10 pages long, and is devoted to a study of the atomic bomb, its implications, etc., and its general theme is "No secret, no defense, world control."

The writing is unusually mature and the quality of clear thinking is much more apparent than in some "adult" journals these days. . . . The "Constitution" of this group "Youth Council on the Atomic Crisis"—is accompanied by various editorials and letters urging that other high schools follow this lead in organizing their own special groups to study the implications of the bomb and the fact that "modern man is obsolete."

12,000 copies of this special issue on the atomic crisis have been printed and are being sent to every high school in the country—together with a *call to action,* requesting that each school inaugurate a similar study program to make their young people and their community face the atomic crisis realistically and thoughtfully.

I have talked at length with this group and their superintendent of schools, principal and faculty sponsor—they are all good friends of mine. It has grown from a small informal study group of 15-20 before Christmas until it numbers almost 300 students at present, with 8 or 10 operating committees studying all phases of atomic control and development. And the high school is not a large one. . . .

And the impetus is all from the kids! This thing definitely has *not* been foisted upon them by any "interested parties" from outside. It is true that both local scientist groups are enthusiastically backing the same viewpoint for which this youth group stands, but it was and it is the kids, themselves, who have become perturbed, interested, enthusiastic, and who have taken an aggressive lead in developing an education and *action* program and in bringing in various leading scientists to talk before them.

Within the past ten days, the YCAC has dispatched (or aided in dispatching) over 900 letters to Congressmen, and in particular, the McMahon Committee, urging the immediate passage of the McMahon bill for democratic civilian control of atomic energy. This may seem like drastic action, but these are drastic times, as Robert Hutchins has so ably pointed out.

Their work is especially significant in the light of conditions in Oak Ridge which until now could hardly be termed "progressive" in the positive sense of the word. For three years the citizenry have been so thoroughly under the Army thumb that they have long since forgotten their very real obligations as national or state citizens to participate with thought and action in the current pressing atomic crisis. Using the bogey of "security" the Army has seduced them from their political awareness and social consciousness and put them to sleep.

The first liberal viewpoint to appear vocally in Oak Ridge in the three years since its inception occurred two weeks ago when Norman Cousins spoke here. You can judge the temper of the long-dormant community when you consider that some leading citizens spoke hotly of his being a "rabble rouser" and a "red idealist." But in a different way the results were thrilling, and indicated that much more of this frank open talking and action should occur here in Oak Ridge.

The Youth Council is out in front doing it, and is letting 12,000 other schools know that time is running short and they had better get busy, too. As Joe Glasgow, President of the Student Council put it: "To circulate 12,000 copies as the first printing of a single issue is in itself an extraordinary effort for a high school group. These students are ordinary people with ordinary tools. Your students would do it if they lived in Oak Ridge, Tenn. You would help them. Here you would grow more aware every day of the immediate pertinence of the sardonic quip: "The atomic bomb is here to stay. Are we?"

Besides the special issue of the paper there are open forums, community discussions, publication and local distribution of much valuable material in cooperation with the two local scientist groups and the new Teachers' for World Government group, frequent assemblies, specially-sponsored scientist speakers, and the latest development—sending debating teams to tour different sections of the country and engage other schools, clubs, organizations in open debate on world government, and civilian, democratic control of atomic energy (in opposition to the Army sponsored May-Johnson bill). The first flying team sets off for Philadelphia within the week, where the RECORD is sponsoring their debates. They will probably stop off and see the McMahon Committee if they can get some willing press representatives to take copy.

The mailing of this paper is an ambitious project. It involves a printing and mailing expense which simply cannot be borne alone by this self-supporting council. Nevertheless, the Council believes the material in it, and the fundamental viewpoint expressed deserves nation-wide distribution.

We are prepared to furnish a limited number of copies free. For copies in bulk (say over 25) we will have to charge cost, which is $.08 per copy.

For further detailed information on YCAC, contact Philip E. Kennedy, Co-sponsor, Oak Ridge Youth Council on the Atomic Crisis, Oak Ridge High School, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

ROGER B. CARTWRIGHT
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

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BOOKS

SOVIET ROOTS IN THE WEST

by **ALEXANDER BALTZLY**

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD, by Frederick L. Schuman, Alfred A. Knopf. 663 *pages.* $4.00

THE PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET UNION, by Corliss Lamont, Harcourt, Brace & Co. 229 *pages.* $3.00

PRESENTING the thesis that the internal shaping of the Soviet Union has depended upon foreign relations, Professor Schuman justifies his title by giving us a history of the Russian Revolution and the subsequent regime, with emphasis laid on the interaction of the non-socialist powers on this socialist state. Let us say at the start that this is an ambitious project and that the result is, indeed, a *tour de force.* In organization, in vigor of thought and phrase, in the copiousness of useful detail, in documentation, in delightful allusiveness, and in the breadth of the writer's view of world affairs, this work is notable, though it has the fault of redundancy, and an over-reliance on psychology sometimes obscures more than it clarifies. If the historian demur that it is at once a history and a tract for the times, the author would, almost certainly, retort that it is meant to be.

It is unfortunately true that very few books appear on the Soviet Union that do not treat it either with an enthusiasm that leads to the use of a double standard of judgment, whereby everything the Soviet Government does is justified on the basis of ends and ideals, and everything other nations do is condemned on the basis of inadequacy as sinister; or, on the other hand, pick on all the things that go wrong in the Russian maelstrom, judging Russia by comparison with countries with greater experience in self-government, and neglect the value of the achievement as a whole. One might go on to say that many a writer has set out in his earlier efforts to do an objective job, but has found himself speedily branded, if he praise some phase of Russian policy, as a red or fellow-traveler; or, on the other hand, when he criticizes some aspect of Soviet policy, as a reactionary or a fascist. Such characterization angers him, he defends himself, but he is engaged in a losing battle; he is pushed to extremes he never meant, or deserved, to have to defend, and in actuality he eventually either reaches the position where everything he sees is radiant with promise to humanity, or becomes completely soured with everything that proceeds from Russia. He smarts from the personal attacks that never let up. The *argumentum ad hominem* seldom is relevant. Let this be a modest plea for discussion of Soviet Russia rather than the flaying of fellow-publicists.

And this plea may be addressed hopefully to Mr. Schuman, for he shows plentifully the ability to argue a case on its merits, to see both sides of an issue, and to reason without bitterness on issues too great for recriminations. Yet in this book he, too, frequently lowers the tone of his inquiry by (a) referring to certain books as anti-Soviet, but never noting that other books that he mentions are just as pro-Soviet; (b) intemperate attacks on critics of Communist institutions, in which he forgets that in many circles in America it takes more courage (for one faces more social disapproval) to speak ill of Soviet Russia than to praise it, and that such criticism does not necessarily arise from spite; (c) castigating savagely British or American blunders as sinister, while speaking gently of Soviet mistakes as sincere; and (d) repeating that Socialists spread hatred of Communists, and at the same time himself attacking the Socialists with bitter contempt. His characterization of Mr. Bevin does not represent an historian's balanced judgment.

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STUDIES OF THE *Institute* OF WORLD AFFAIRS

Established in 1943 for the purpose of research in international problems of economics, politics, and cultural relations, the Institute, with its staff of American and foreign scholars, is an independent unit of the New School for Social Research and supplements the work of other American institutions in the same field. Four important studies of the Institute have already been published; a number of others are in preparation.

MANAGEMENT IN RUSSIAN INDUSTRY AND AGRICULTURE

By Gregory Beinstock, Solomon M. Schwarz and Aaron Yugow. The practical operation of Soviet industry and the collective farm system. $3.00

GERMAN RADIO PROPAGANDA

By Ernst Kris, Hans Speier and Associates. A report on German wartime broadcasts to the German people. With Graphs and Tables. $4.00

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By Ernst Fraenkel. "Particularly valuable in its clear exposition of pertinent international law and the manner in which the armies of the victors applied it in 1918-1923."—*World Affairs.* $3.50

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By Arnold Brecht. "Merits serious consideration in the building of Germany's postwar structure."—*Library Journal.* $2.50

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By Joseph B. Schectman. A full report on the organized removal of minorities and their subsequent resettlement. $4.00

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THE scheme of *Soviet Politics* is excellent. The first of three parts, *Faith and Works: A Book of Origins,* begins with a chapter entitled *Apocalypse,* with sections on (Lenin's) *Home Coming, The Vision* (of the dedicated revolutionary), and *The Gospel* (according to Marx); a second chapter on the October Revolution; and a third, called *Before October,* in which the author surveys the geographic and historic Russia with which the Bolsheviks had to work. This survey is perforce overpacked, but the emphases are sound, particularly the tacit recognition of the fact that Twentieth Century Russia builds even more on pre-Petersburg Russia than on the past two hundred years. Book II, *Swords and Ploughshares* is devoted chiefly to foreign relations, but also to the way in which internal organs have been shaped by them. To this reviewer the least convincing portions are those on the trials and on the status of trade unions. Perhaps the most suggestive passage to illustrate the author's conclusions is that in which he finds that "there are no solid reasons for assuming that the dictatorial means thus far used have forever destroyed the possibility of attaining democratic ends in the USSR." When Mr. Schuman goes on to add: "The Marxist dream stems from democratic values. Its Soviet apostles have returned to them in form. They will yet return to them in substance if the non-Soviet world will permit them to," he illustrates the thesis stated in the first sentence of this review.

The story of the nineteen thirties is a sorry one. Mr. Schuman's readers will remember that his first book (1929) was *American Policy towards Russia since 1917,* while his later books have covered the course of the world struggle that began, not in 1939, but long before. It is fair to say that he called the plays with painful accuracy. Those of us who at the time protested desperately that the decisions of the Munich era were calamitous (and none protested more clearly than Mr. Schuman) may perhaps be permitted to point out that those decisions were in no way wise or inevitable and that statesmen have seldom in history so badly estimated the course of events. It might however be noted that in Britain the blame lies not solely with sinister ministers who sadly lost the thread of British foreign policy but in great part with the whole British people in that age of the Oxford Oath and peace at any price. We in America, too, may recall that our own national frame of mind was, by and large, no different.

THE two final chapters, *Promised Land,* deal with the post-war problems of today. There will be here no disagreement with the argument that the UNO is a thoroughly unsatisfactory substitute for a World Federation in which law, rather than negotiation, would prevail. The clinging to the anarchical doctrine of national sovereignty, in which, naturally, the two least vulnerable powers, the Soviet Union and the United States, are the worst offenders,

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makes imminent the greatest menace the world has yet faced. Mr. Schuman's proposition that World Federation being unattainable as yet the only alternative is a division of the world in three spheres of hegemony—Soviet, British and American—is more debatable. He insists that to fail to recognize Soviet hegemony in all Eastern Europe, even to the Adriatic is to court war because the Balkans are a *sine qua non* of Soviet safety. But who threatens the Soviet Union or can threaten it in the predictable future? Is this hegemony analogous to our position *vis-a-vis* Latin America? Can the Balkans be a cultural bridge to the West if no Westerner may approach the bridge?

The closing plea for mutual understanding and fair play brings eloquently to an end one of the most valuable books yet written on the Soviet Union.

THE PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET UNION must receive less attention. It is a sketch, fuller and more readable than others that have been essayed, of the many peoples who make up Soviet Eurasia, their historic past, their economic life and prospects, their colorful customs and the Soviet policy in regard to the many cultures that abide together in this great federation. It is natural that there is greater stress on the federative side than on the unitary. Much emphasis is put on changes for the better that have taken place since the Soviet nationalities policy was inaugurated, and properly so. At times however when the phrase "in tsarist times" is used, it might have been well to qualify and say in which of the tsarist times certain things were true, for tsarist policy was not always the same and the Empire was not always a bad colonizer. Mr. Lamont's book contains a great deal of useful and clarifying information, especially as to races, statistics and illustrations, very attractively set forth.

Whitewashing the USSR

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY, The Secret War Against Soviet Russia, by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kuhn, 433 pages, Boston; Little Brown & Co. $3.50

This is not a book. It is a stuffed ballot box.

It "proves" that the whole world is conspiring against Russia which stands, innocent and shy, simply to protect its virtue.

It begins with the Russian revolution and interprets the Allied effort to hold Russia in the war as nothing but an iniquitous counter-revolution. The period from 1921 to 1934 is treated solely from the viewpoint of "frantic anti-Soviet propaganda." Russia's propaganda campaign through the Comintern, is neatly ignored. Thereafter Russia's attack on Finland, her pact with the Nazis, her sharing of Poland, her purges are all enthusiastically justified.

Can mankind be saved from suicide?

It is not a simple thing to do away with war; there is no single panacea. IF MEN WANT PEACE is a comprehensive study of the problems involved. The twenty-four authors are members of the University of Washington faculty, and each contributes specialized knowledge in his particular field.

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19. Arts and Letters
20. Science and Technology
21. Religion
22. Nationalism
23. The Great Tradition and the Need for a World Order
24. The Moral Basis of Peace
25. Concluding Statement on the United Nations

If Men Want Peace

Edited by Joseph B. Harrison, Linden A. Mander, Nathanael H. Engle

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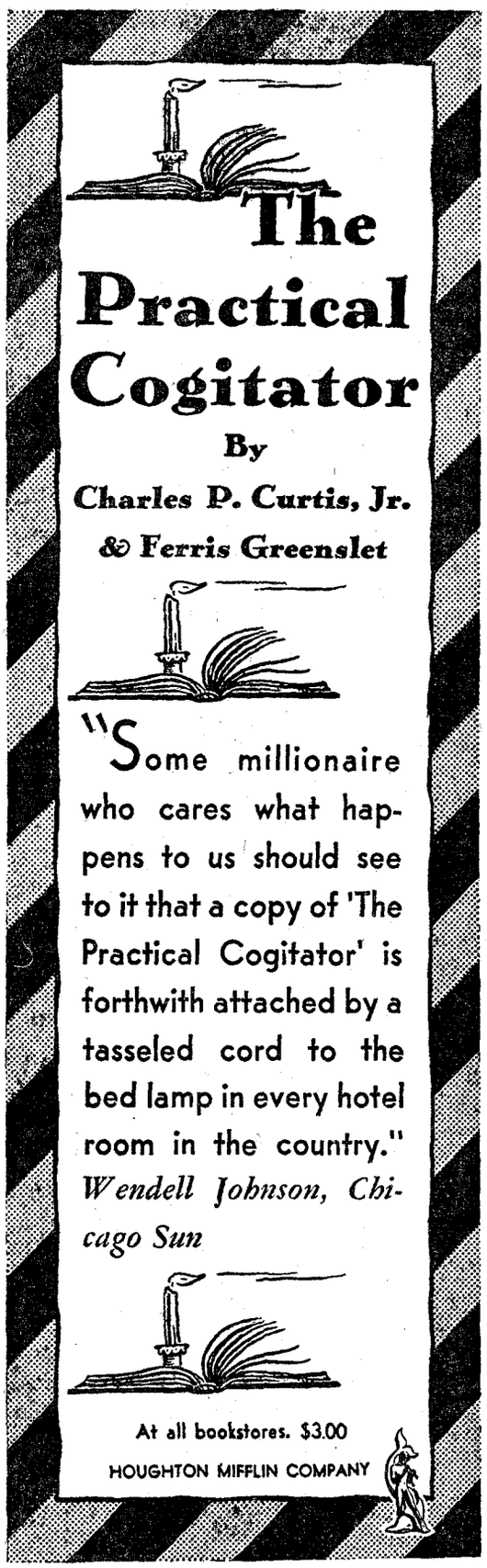

See "The Belated Reviewer" Page 79.

Such an extreme thesis of unblemished purity could not be maintained for any other nation. It certainly cannot be for Russia. The book teems with citation of authority but the author's prejudgment and selectivity of research account for the distortion. Their integrity need not be questioned. Fanaticism and sincerity are frequent collaborators and their works are always misshapen.

We know that for a long time red baiting has poisoned the international atmosphere. For this reason liberals who were revolted by dictatorship nevertheless raised their voice for Russia. They sought to offset the prejudice of anti-Russianism with good will and understanding. They were not blind to Russia's faults and her maddening perversity in feeding her enemies with "good reason" for their suspicions. Only the rabid Communists could frantically cheer yesterday's postulates, today's condemnation, and tomorrow's restoration without intellectual hoarseness. But others, like Roosevelt, practiced a consistent though troubled friendship with Russia to balance those forces which sought to avenge their offended ideology. In those days, this book, though partisan to the point of blindness, might have served some unwitting good. It might have been an antidote for the fierce unreasoning passions on the other side. It might, by its very insistence that there is only one side, while red baiters insisted similarly to the other extreme, remind us that quite obviously there were two sides to the Russian story and we ought to take recognition of the untold one.

But today the situation is different. Russia has emerged heroically from the war, universally recognized as a leading nation. She is flexing her muscles in public. Her assertiveness verges on arrogance. Her conduct follows a pattern of dynamism disturbingly reminiscent of other dictators. Stalin, contrary to his war pronouncements, discovers that capitalism caused the war. He prescribes a "guns before butter" regime for the next fifteen years. All the familiar techniques of political infiltration, unilateral coups in a deliberately created atmosphere of local confusion and unrest, probing all weak points and bloodless extensions, a policy of being insatiable when appeased and aggrieved when resisted—all this and more poses the inescapable question "What does Russia really want?"

Even those who are ready to give a reassuring answer to this question, nevertheless feel that the time for firmness has come: that a crisis can be avoided better by standing than by being prostrate. At this time *THE GREAT CONSPIRACY* becomes a dangerous book for it throws its false weight on the side of imbalance. To have equilibrium we must induce Russia to examine her conscience. We do not deny the searching process for ourselves, as for example, our attitude toward Argentina and Franco. But it is a disservice to peace to write a formidable tract like *THE GREAT CONSPIRACY* with a pen dipped only in whitewash. Its sole contribution will be to dull the conscience of Russia and her friends with opiates of martyrdom and righteousness.

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If the authors, in their voluminous research had read Koestler's *THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR*, to mention only one opposing view, they might have paused in front of its monument of facts before painting the whole world in devilish red while being color blind to the blood which has flowed in Russia's dictatorship.

LOUIS NIZER

52 Eyes on America

WHILE YOU WERE GONE. Edited by Jack Goodman. Simon and Schuster. 625 *pages.* $3.50

Had *While You Were Gone* been published several months back, when I returned to the United States, I could have saved myself a trip that took me to a dozen-odd states. Like so many other G.I.'s, I had lost the feel of things. I wanted to find out what had been going on, what people were thinking, what the temper of the country was and where we were going. So I traveled and talked and listened, asked all kinds of questions and listened. A lot of them were unanswered; they still are. I suspect they are unanswerable. But I did come away more knowledgeable, with a better understanding of what had gone on while I was away. But it was an expensive way of doing it.

For three dollars and fifty cents, *While You Were Gone* accomplishes much the same end. It is especially true for me since many of the contributors cover both topically and in point of view what I was after on my search. Written primarily for the returned veteran, it makes good reading for anyone in need of a quick refresher on the events and attitudes in the United States during the war years. It is a neat piece of writing—unfootnoted, punchy, convincing. Historians, take note.

None of the contributors needs an introduction. A hasty glance at the contents gives a good idea of the scope of the book. In the section on how we thought and behaved, Allan Nevins writes about general attitudes and reactions; Paul Gallico, a gossipy, Esquireish piece on what we talked about. There are others; but move on to part two and how we were governed. Jonathan Daniels has a thoroughly human, biased sketch on the presidency. It is good. And let there be no misunderstanding, I hold holy what Lincoln stood for, too. Henry Pringle contributes competently in this section on the emergence and activities of the war agencies.

Our jobs and how we did them, is a somewhat motley section contributed by R. J. Thomas on labor, Donald Nelson on industry, Russell Lord on the happenings in agriculture and Gerald Wendt on the major events in science, among others. Surprisingly enough, where you would least expect any stuffiness you find the most, in the section on newspapers, radio, magazines and other media of information and propaganda. Some of these contributors

"The main thesis of this book is unanswerable . . ."

The thesis of Dr. Loewenstein's new book is a revolutionary one: that internal sovereignty must be destroyed. H. B. Parkes in the *New York Herald Tribune* calls it "unanswerable . . . No world organization can succeed unless it is realized that the establishment of a dictatorship anywhere is a threat to free men everywhere. His statement of the case is clear, vigorous and easy to read, and is based on a wide knowledge of history and international law."

After tracing the history of the doctrine of "internal self-determination," Dr. Loewenstein discusses various forms of government and the effect they may have upon world peace. He then explains the actual machinery (provisional governments, national assemblies, and constitutions) by means of which peoples choose their governments. And in conclusion he proposes a constructive method by which the United Nations may guide the "choices" now being made in Europe, to prevent the rise of new dictatorships.

Political Reconstruction

By KARL LOEWENSTEIN

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are Lester Markel of the *Times,* Norman Corwin of "Columbia Presents Corwin," and Raymond Rubicam of Young & Rubicam, Inc..

Though generally middle of the road politically, there are obvious personal prejudices and preconceptions. And with reason; there are twenty-six contributors to this volume. The editor acknowledges this inherent weakness in his introduction: "A different set of twenty-six people would unquestionably have produced a thoroughly different book. Obviously, a total impression different to that conveyed by *While You Were Gone* would be gleaned from a symposium in which, say, the chapter on race relations was written by Senator Bilbo and that on labor by Westbrook Pegler." I'm glad Mr. Goodman selected the contributors he did.

JOSEPH HIRSH

Capitol Memoirs

WASHINGTON TAPESTRY. By Olive Ewing Clapper. McGraw-Hill; 303 *pages.* $2.75

When Raymond Clapper was killed in an airplane crash over the Marshall Islands in 1944, he left behind him a vast amount of material, in the form of notes, diaries and unpublished writings, which reflects the American political scene since 1917. *Washington Tapestry* is substantially a compilation of these notes, which have been thoughtfully interpreted and expanded by the columnist's wife, Olive Ewing Clapper.

In a book written with considerable forthrightness and energy, Mrs. Clapper views the turbulent years which she shared with her husband, from the administrations of Wilson through Franklin Roosevelt. It is greatly to her credit that she has achieved a commendable balance between gossip and political reflection, between anecdote and a running account of the economic tug-of-war which engaged this nation in the thirties. *Washington Tapestry* is put together in workmanlike fashion, its broad scene treated with the lucid, highly-entertaining style of a competent reporter.

Wisely, the author has avoided confining herself to the narrow limitations of a chronological diary. Instead, she opens her book with what she describes as one of her "most vivid memories of Washington political and social life"—the 1932 election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. From that point the book swings back to Hoover, forward to the New Deal era and back again to Harding, Coolidge and Wilson.

In giving what appears to be a thoroughly objective and honest estimate of Washington's political greats, many of whom were personal friends and most of whom are still living, Olive Clapper has done a brave and worthy thing. Despite the fact that Alfred Landon "was a dear friend of ours" who "meant more to us than all the Roosevelts put together," she pictures him as an ineffectual, uninspiring little man who conducted his campaign in a "welter of misconceptions, blindness to reality and overconfidence."

The muddled days of the Hoover regime, when long queues of unemployed waited for soup-kitchen handouts and factory chimneys stood bleak and smokeless against the sky, are described with disturbing clarity. Nothing that Hoover tried seemed to work. "He was like a man trying to plug a sieve," she writes, "running from one place to another to stop up leaks which developed faster than he could run."

Possibly the strongest appeal of *Washington Tapestry* lies in its multitude of anecdotes and intimate stories, all of which are told skillfully and without becoming back-fency. Calvin Coolidge, whose New England taciturnity and thriftiness have furnished the subject of many a previous story, is given an entire chapter, most of which concerns his dry humor and peculiar predilection for playing practical jokes on his Secret Service bodyguards. But one of the best anecdotes is about a certain ambitious Washington hostess who telephoned Mrs. Clapper one day and gaily chirped: "I hear your husband is about to be appointed to a Cabinet post. If that is true, won't you both come to dinner next Tuesday evening? If it isn't true, do come in for coffee afterward."

Of the scores of Cabinet members with whom the Clappers were acquainted, Henry Wallace receives the highest praise. A man of the noblest ideals, "humble outwardly, complex inwardly," Wallace is called "the St. Paul of Roosevelt's career."

Washington Tapestry is a book well worth reading, not only because of its view of the political scene at our nation's capital but because its tonic of optimism is a bracer which all of us need.

MAX A. BESLER

Projected Travelogue

STAR OF THE UNBORN, by Franz Werfel. 645 *pages. The Viking Press, New York.* $3.00

The late Franz Werfel was technically correct when he referred to *Star of the Unborn* as both a novel and a travelogue. In a literary sense, however, the description is wholly inadequate, just as it would not suffice to call *Gulliver's Travels* a fantasy and neglect its satire.

Star of the Unborn is a vast potpourri of metaphysics, homiletics, prophecy, social satire and foolishness. In recounting the extraordinary adventures that befall a man named simply F. W., or "I-myself", who is restored to life 100,000 years from now, Mr. Werfel sets out to prove that even a civilization which has made technological and intellectual advances is little better than our own

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unless it has a rock-ribbed foundation of religious faith. The author ponderously unfolds this theme by arranging debates between himself and the puppet-like characters who walk stiltedly through his book. Much of this material is dogma straight from the Catholic Church, which has survived the ages, and the rest is personal speculation. It is a confusing mixture.

The world in which F. W. finds himself in the Eleventh Cosmic Capital Year of Virgo, approximately 101945 by our reckoning, affords Mr. Werfel an opportunity to satirize the society of the present day and to indulge in considerable moralizing. F. W., wearing the rumpled swallowtail in which he was buried, is plunged into the marvels of astromental civilization, where half the population lives in a state of "aristocratic communism" and where all labor is performed by the Worker of the Era, who creates food and manufactures goods by some sort of mental process. People live to be 180 years old and die voluntarily by going to the Wintergarden, a vast plain in the center of the earth where by means of a "retrogenetic humus" a body is retrogressed successively through the stages of middle age, youth and babyhood, until it finally becomes a foetus and is buried.

Through mental magic the stars are made to skip about the sky and form nightly news bulletins. Man no longer travels; a gadget the size of a pocket watch moves his objective toward him. Schoolboys are given lessons in the composition of the universe when they climb into space suits and shoot with incredible speed about the intersteller regions. In one particular nightmarish section of the book F. W. accompanies one of these "comet calisthenic" classes to Jupiter where, among other things, he has a talk with two angels and manages to elongate himself into a beam of light thousands of miles long.

But for all their progress, the Astromental people live in dread of a primitive race, who resemble twentieth-century man and who, unlike the Astromentals, live above ground. This fear is brought to an explosive suppuration one day when a group of Astromental Fascist hotheads launches an attack against them with some ancient shadow disintegrators, almost-forgotten relics of past wars.

The retaliation is swift and terrible when a counter-attack is made with "psychic artillery," which reduces most of the Astromentals to babbling idiots and manic-depressives. ("If you're hit by a twenty-six caliber self-analysis, no opiate will do you any good.") In order to escape the barbarians the survivors flee in confusion to the Wintergarden and voluntary death.

Primarily to satisfy his curiosity, F. W. joins the panic-stricken throng and, in the scenes which follow, *Star of the Unborn* achieves its greatest impact. F. W. views the sickening process whereby time is reversed and men and women become foetuses. Sometimes the system misfires and the resulting horrors are described in passages which show Mr. Werfel at the peak of his narrative skill. Death,

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the author moralizes, comes from God and will not bear tampering with by humans.

Pruned of its diatribe and didacticism, shorn of its pedantic explanations, *Star of the Unborn* would be a middling fair satiric novel. As it stands, however, it adds little stature to the author of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and *The Song of Bernadette.*

BANNING REPPLIER

The Why and How About Unions

THE TRUTH ABOUT UNIONS, by Leo Huberman, Pamphlet Press, 87 pp, $1.00

The Truth About Unions tells what 90% of the public has never heard about unions—the simple facts of why they exist and how they work. If you have walked to work because of a transit strike, if you have read the newspapers and think strikes should be abolished, read this book and learn what is behind them.

In clear, vigorous language that the man on the street can understand, Mr. Huberman tells the history of unionism. With stirring anecdotes he recreates the violent early days when union activity and strikes were outlawed as criminal conspiracies. Then he describes the long years of struggle with blacklists, labor spies and company unions until the Wagner Act and formation of the CIO ushered in the present era of unionism in 1935.

How does a union work? With typical "Joe Worker"—a new union member distrustful of unions from years of newspaper slanting—the reader attends a dull but democratic union meeting. He sits in on a collective bargaining conference hammering out provisions of a new contract, and sees how the little details—safety measures, senority, machinery for handling disputes—all add up to the big fact of a worker's feeling of justice and security. He learns the necessity for the assistance and leadership furnished by the national union, for the political and coordinating activities of Industrial Union Councils. Eight large charts show the complete organizational set-up of both CIO and AFL.

Writing from long personal experience as a union member and teacher and as a newspaper labor editor, Mr. Huberman condemns the same evils which labor baiters have harped on to discredit unionism. But he also points an acccusing finger at those employers who so often connive with the racketeers to scotch genuine union organization, at newspapers and top AFL officials who have been "deaf to appeals for help from those rank and filers who have dared to fight gangster leadership." He shows how the closed shop, far from being an infringement on the right to work, is actually economic democracy, paralleling our political democracy which requires even isolationists to pay war taxes voted by the majority.

To charges that union dues go into fat salaries and padded expense accounts, Mr. Huberman replies with cold figures, showing, for example, that half of every dollar taken in by some unions goes to organizing the unorganized—destroying the sweatshop.

"Labor trouble is as often as not employer trouble, he points out, emphasizing that strikes cause tremendous hardship for the workers and are used only after all efforts at collective bargaining have failed. But, just as in war, when reason fails might takes over. Bargaining strength for the workers is the *raison d'etre* of union organizations, and they use the only weapon they have—the strike. To illustrate the utterly false impression created by newspapers, the author quotes Bureau of Labor statistics to show that strikes cost only about one hour per worker during the whole war.

Mr. Huberman sums up past accomplishments of union political activity: free public schools, wage and hour laws, the Wagner Act, FEPC and many more. Then, giving the CIO program for post-war legislation, he shows how much remains to be achieved in housing, social security, better race relations, full employment, and a higher standard of living.

Today 15,000,000 people—nearly one-third of the eligible labor force—are organized. Organized workers, the author asserts, are the key to Democracy, the hope of America.

JOHN S. ATLEE

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The Belated Reviewer

THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR or THE THINKER'S ANTHOLOGY, edited by Carles P. Curtis & Ferris Greenslet; Houghton Mifflin Company, 577 pp., $3.00

MY ONE CONTRIBUTION TO CHESS, by F. V. Morley; B. W. Huebsch, 1945, $2.00

The wonder of this age is less its great deeds cumulated one on another, than the flexibility of protoplasm resisting them more firmly than a camel's back resists its overload of Afghan carpets. The deeds themselves are sometimes less onerous than confusing. Around the spinning fragments of the unbreakable a great clamor seems bent on blowing this age and its inheritance into nothingness. On a less heroic front perhaps but an instance in point, our protoplasm has been severely strained by the assurance that we shall best meet our bills when prices are higher.

In this atmosphere of make-believe, the Belated Reviewer takes a perverse pleasure in sidestepping for the time it takes to compose this column, sidestepping for the space of this column's few inches, the great broadway of aggressive optimism that our deliberate ills can be corrected.

On our excursions into the walks of the broadway, we have come upon two particularly entrancing books, both of which originally were to serve as shrinkers of the Pennsylvania Railroad's elapsed time between Washington and New York. First of these in our hands, chronologically, was Mr. Morley's treatise on chess. We have long flattered ourselves on our acquaintance with chess—not so much for our expertness at the game, but for the pure chance of having once discovered a man who knew nothing about it and who being taught by us, developed into a champion. (After three weeks of instruction we never succeeded in beating him again.) Mr. Morley's essay, however, has as little to do with chess as we had with our champion's powers. All our champion needed was an opened window; and chess provides a window which Mr. Morley opens on a gentle garden of scholarship, good sense and—forgive the heavy word—wisdom. It is not surprising that a Morley should write. His two brothers Felix and Christopher contribute some of the footnotes—as footnotes should be written, though definitely not in the style favored by postulant doctors of philosophy. What was surprising was that Mr. Morley succeeded in using chess to introduce a warm and charming book. It successfully shrank the PRR elapsed time and now reposes on our desk, a tiny flag rebelliously witnessing against a lot of very aggressive and very foolish things a lot of people are doing in the world today.

On another occasion when again preparing to brave the various tribulations of the PRR, "The Practical Cogitator" came to hand. The Belated Reviewer has never fancied himself as a cogitator but was lured by a prefatory explanation that the title was plagiarized from Bowditch's Practical Navigator and a subtitle amplifying the title into "The Thinker's Anthology." With such bait to one's rising vanity not even we could resist. And pleased we didn't.

Most anthologies are proved wrong by the present one compiled by Mr. Curtis and Mr. Greeslet. We have always vaguely rebelled at an order dictated either by dates of birth or initial letters. If the first, Spenser can so easily follow Spencer, if the latter, drivel can so easily follow Donne. In "The Practical Cogitator," Messrs. Curtis & Greenslet have brought together some snippets of man's inheritance and arranged them in a colorful tapestry. The sections of the book are:

Man in Search of Himself
He Solicits His Past
He Turns to Nature
And Scrutinizes Her
And Himself
He Lives with His Fellow
They Better Their Condition
They Must Have Peace, Security, and Liberty
And Justice
He Seeks Solace and Beauty
And Friendship and Love
And Even Something More
He Takes Better Aim

Here thankfully is a book which needs not be read at a sitting. It isn't the last page which supplies the decisive clue to the culprit; each page does so. The editors have chosen as between the ancient and the moderns, the moderns; for which we are grateful. But more grateful yet that the book has been constructed "on the firm basis of personal choice." Messrs. Curtis & Greenslet have opened a friendly sidewalk from the headlong broadway of self-destruction and for this noble chore well done, our thanks.

ALLEN HADEN

RIVAL PARTNERS, by Keith Hutchison. The Macmillan Company, 251 *pp.,* $2.00

I feel that I have been deceived by my old friend Keith Hutchison. I started reading his book under the bland impression that it was a new version of the oft repeated plea for a better understanding between the American and British nations—you know, "hands across the sea" and all that sort of thing. To my surprise (and I must admit to a certain amount of consternation) it turned out to be nothing of the kind. It is a profound and ruthless analysis of a series of world problems tackled in a scientific way by a writer who displays a rare grasp of economics.

Somewhat in the mood of a mellow professor trying to make a complex matter clear to a group of dunderheads, the author, with infinite patience, deals with such thorny items as the necessity for national and international planning, full employment, free trade, the battle of international transport, the

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Bretton Woods monetary plan and finally the question as to whether a partnership which proved so successful in war can survive the perils of peace. This partnership was inaugurated, for all practical purposes, at the meeting of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill when the four essential freedoms were embodied in what is known as The Atlantic Charter. The author points out that in this charter, on which the two statesmen based their hopes for a better future for the world, are two clauses which justify his faith in free trade and international planning.

"Fourth, they will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms to the trade and the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity;

"Fifth, they desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing, for all, improved labor standards, economic adjustment, and social security."

As he puts it,

"Two general principles seem to emerge from these statements: First, the United Nations should take positive action to promote an economy of expansion, which seems to imply planning both nationally and internationally; second, they should seek freedom of international trade in its fullest sense, which suggest reliance on the unimpeded forces of supply and demand as the main agent for the desired increase in production, consumption and exchange."

On the necessity for national planning (one of the most important chapters in the book) he goes on to say:

"Can private enterprise, unaided, solve the unemployment problem? Its adherents are apt to resent this question as implying a kind of ultimatum: 'Deliver or stand aside.' But the drive toward a planned economy does not, as they are apt to suggest stem from a few cranks, crackpots and conspirators. It is based on a widespread lack of confidence in the ability of private enterprise to deliver jobs."

It is impossible in a brief review to do justice to what I believe to be one of the most important of the early post war books. Make no mistake about it—this is a disturbing work. It offers no short cut to the solution of one of the outstanding problems of today. You get a picture of the international traders and shippers that makes Captain Kidd and Jack the Ripper look like lovable characters. But if you don't mind facing facts, unaccompanied by a sweet smelling nosegay, get a copy of "Rival Partners" today. In all probability you need it.

H. J. B. CRAVEN

Recommended Books

TREASURY FOR THE FREE WORLD, Edited by Ben Raeburn, Arco Publishing Co., 417 pages, $3.50. This book is a must for all thinking people. It is a compilation of the thoughts of some of the most compelling minds of the twentieth century-peacemakers, statesmen and leaders, philosophers and poets. The problems they are met to discuss are complex and urgent, but their purpose is single: To transform a world in conflict into a world of freedom.

SIEGFRIED'S JOURNEY, by Siegfried Sassoon, Viking Press, 338 pages, $3.00. In his admirable prose, the writer conveys to the reader a sense of heightened appreciation of his own experiences and surroundings, beginning when he was invalided home in 1916 after sixteen months at the Front, and ending with his American lecture tour in 1920. There are delightful short portraits of Galsworthy, Bridges, Masefield, the Sitwells, T. E. Lawrence, Hardy, Wilfred Owen, Robert Frost, Carl Sandberg, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, and others.

GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR. (Man Under Mars), by James Wellard, Dodd Mead & Company, 277 pages, $3.00. A brisk, clearly written biography of old "Blood and Guts," this book attempts to portray General Patton as a human being, with very human reactions. The book is a key to the blustering behavior, the love and hatred that Patton attracted to himself.

FREEDOM UNDER PLANNING, by Barbara Wootton, University of North Carolina Press, 180 pages, $2.00. This book is short and to the point. It reveals the real dangers in planning and the hobgoblins. Miss Wootton's study is comparatively objective. By planning she means "the conscious and deliberate choice of economic priorities by some public authority." She believes that there is "a large measure of agreement between the professed objectives of all political parties . . . no party upholds or condones hunger, slum living or unemployment, —or, somebody is telling a crashing load of lies."

OF MANY MEN, by James Aldrich, Little, Brown & Company, 307 pages, $2.50. The author of *Signed With Their Honor* has again turned out a forceful novel. This time he covers the six years of war from the point of view of a war correspondent whose adventures cover the gamut of human emotion. The story is extremely well told and the situations gripping.

GROOVES OF CHANGE, by Herbert Samuel, Bobbs Merrill, 378 pages, $3.75. Viscount Samuel writes his memoirs, the background is politics, the tense campaigns, the give-and-take of sessions in the House, a series of sketches of personalities in the Cabinets, a plethora of sharply etched characterizations. He speaks of an amazing number of activities from the first English Workmen's Compensation Act to his activities on Palestine.

POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION, by Karl Loewenstein, Macmillan, 498 pages, $4.00. This book deals with some of the most important and fundamental problems facing the world today. Mr. Loewenstein discusses the types of government which offer the best guarantee of peace; the responsibilities of the United Nations in maining peace, and other pressing issues. The book is both political and historical in scope.

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

SIGMUND FREUD — famous Viennese phychologist, father of psychoanalysis. Dr. Freud was hounded by the Nazis and at an extremely old age had to flee Vienna for England, where he died shortly after his arrival.

☆

CESAR SAERCHINGER, 18 years foreign correspondent in Europe, for 7 years European director for CBS, inaugurated in 1930 the first trans-Atlantic broadcasting service. Heard every Sunday in "The Story Behind the Headlines"—sponsored from coast to coast over NBC by American Historical Association. Author of "Hello America" and editor (having written the historical continuity) of the radio speeches of Franklin D. Roosevelt. This collection is to appear March, 1946, published by NBC, under the title of *Rendezvous with Destiny.*

☆

DAVID LOTH, biographer of *Alexander Hamilton, Lorenzo, the Magnificent, the "Brownings," Charles II, and Philip II,* his latest book is *"Woodrow Wilson, the 15th Point."* During the war, he was Chief of Publications for the Office of Inter-American Affairs, and later Director of Public Information for the Surplus Property Board. Mr. Loth says he is now devoting himself to "writing and good works" of which he knows a great deal, since he is the author of *"Public Plunder,"* a history of graft in the United States.

☆

CLARK EICHELBERGER, editor of "Changing World," and Director of American Association for the United Nations.

☆

MERLE MILLER, formerly editor of *Yank* magazine.

☆

EMILY HICKMAN — Professor of History, New Jersey College for Women.

☆

MARGUERITE TJADER, secretary for many years to THEODORE DREISER and former editor of magazine *DIRECTION.*

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MARIE PANETH, child psychologist who helped numerous children to escape from the horrors of German torture, and played a great part in their rehabilitation in England.

☆

EDWARD MELLINGER, newspaper man and director of broadcasting for Rutgers University.

☆

WALTER SULLIVAN commanded a destroyer in the flotilla that preceded the *Missouri* into Tokyo Bay. He is now a reporter on the *New York Times.*

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY, for many years a member of the United States diplomatic service, is a prolific magazine writer on international topics. Mr. Hartley now lives in Washington.

☆

ALFRED WERNER, writer and expert on European affairs. Dr. Werner's book reviews have appeared in FREE WORLD on numerous occasions.

☆

HARGIS WESTERFIELD was attached to the 41st Infanry Division. He is now teaching English at Indiana University, and has contributed articles and poetry to *Tomorrow, Saturday Review of Literature, Christian Century, Twice a Year* and *The Best of Yank.* His volume of poetry, *Soldier Words* will appear shortly.

☆

EDGAR L. ACKEN, has recently returned from service in Europe. He served in the Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War and spent six months in a concentration camp located at San Pedro de Cardenas, Mr. Acken was formerly on the staff of the Tampa *Tribune,* and the Chatanooga *Times.*

☆

SAMUEL GASPAR is an Armenian by birth. He came to the United States in 1924, and several of his stories have appeared in *Story, Tomorrow,* and other magazines. A full-length novel by Mr. Gaspar will appear shortly.

☆

GUSTAVUS SWIFT PAINE, writer and research analyst in Massachusetts history, graduate of University of Chicago.

☆

ALLEN RIVKIN, screen-writer, novelist and playwright, conducts our monthly department on the cinema.

☆

Among our book reviewers we should like to call attention to *ALEXANDER BALTZLY,* Chairman, Department of History, New York University, with a specialization in Russian History; *LOUIS NIZER,* well-known attorney and author; *MAX BESLER,* Lieutenant Colonel, Assistant Chief of Public Relations for the Veterans Administration, New York State Area, formerly with the Washington office of *Newsweek; BANNING REPPLIER* of the News Service Division of the Public Relations Office for the Veterans Administration, was formerly a Captain in the Army where he served as public relations officer; *JOSEPH HIRSH,* author of numerous poems and reviews for FREE WORLD Magazine, five of his poems are to be included in an anthology of war poetry to appear shortly. *JOHN ATLEE* recently returned from service in the Air Force, has carefully studied social conditions of the worker throughout the United States.

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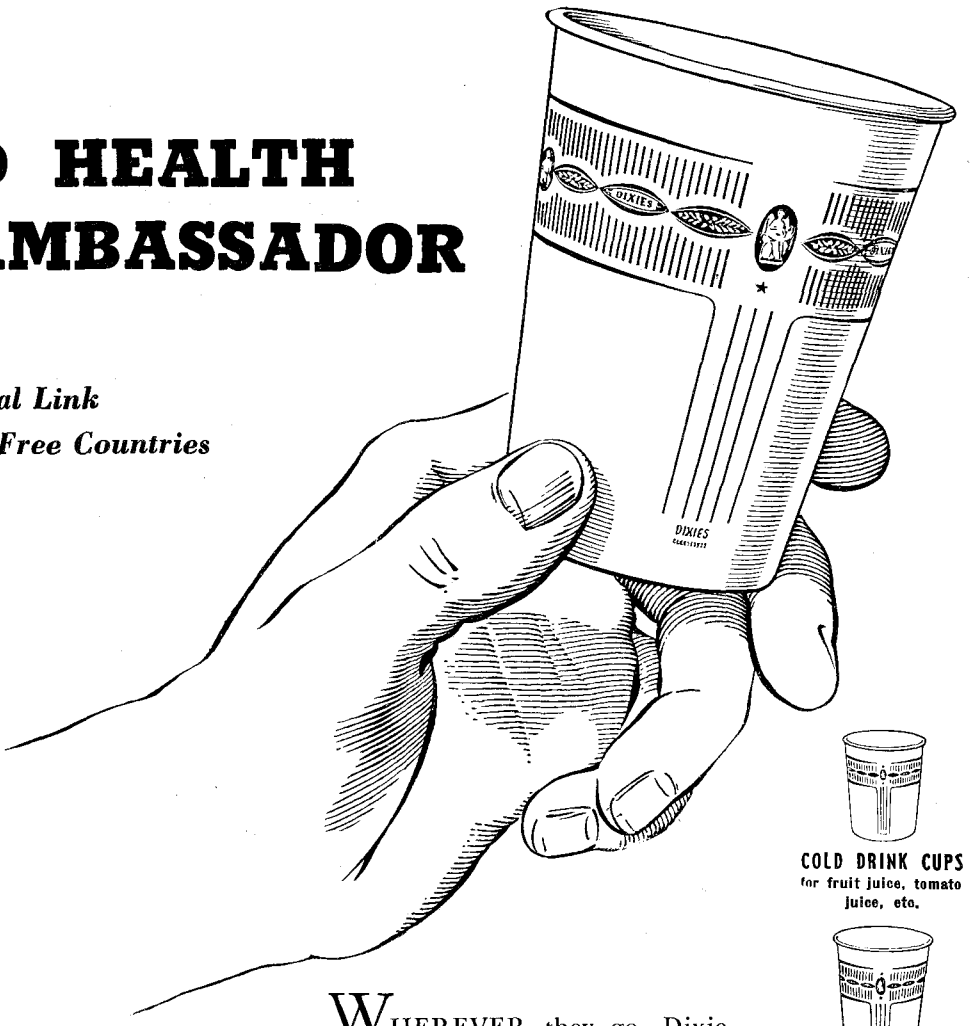

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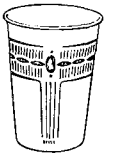
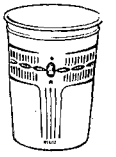
for fruit juice, tomato juice, etc.



COLD DRINK CUPS
. . . for milk and soft drinks, etc.



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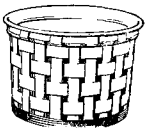
for coffee, tea, cocoa.



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